Byron Patton Harrison

LATE A SENATOR
FROM MISSISSIPPI

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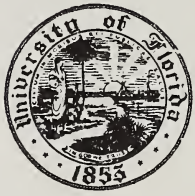

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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY

Byron Patton Harrison

LATE A SENATOR FROM MISSISSIPPI

US

Seventy-seventh Congress
Second Session

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1944

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PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON PRINTING

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Biography

Byron Patton Harrison was born at Crystal Springs, Copiah County, Miss., August 29, 1881; attended the public schools and the University of Louisiana at Baton Rouge, La.; taught school at Lakesville, Miss.; studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1902, and commenced practice in Leakesville, Miss.; district attorney for the second district of Mississippi from 1905 to 1910, when he resigned; moved to Gulfport, Miss., in 1908; chairman of the Democratic State convention in 1916; delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Denver in 1908 and at San Francisco in 1920; also delegate to and temporary chairman of the Democratic National Convention at New York City in 1924; elected as a Democrat to the Sixty-second, Sixty-third, Sixty-fourth, and Sixty-fifth Congresses (March 4, 1911–March 3, 1919); was not a candidate for renomination in 1918, having become a candidate for Senator; elected to the United States Senate in 1918 for the term commencing March 4, 1919; reelected in 1924, 1930, and 1936, and served from March 4, 1919, until his death; elected President pro tempore of the Senate January 6, 1941, and served until his death in Washington, D. C., June 22, 1941; interment in Evergreen Cemetery, Gulfport, Miss.

In the House of Representatives

MONDAY, *June 8, 1942.*

Mr. BEAM. Mr. Speaker, I present a privileged resolution, and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

House Resolution 502

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 24th day of June 1942, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of Rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record until the last issue of the Record of the second session of the Seventy-seventh Congress, on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-seventh Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:15 to 11:45)
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer------ The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation---------- The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Lead, Kindly Light (Buck)---------- Male Quartet

Scripture reading and prayer---------- The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence

Address---------- Hon. Edward J. Hart
Representative from the State of New Jersey

Crossing the Bar (Barnby)---------- Male Quartet

Address----------Hon. Frank Crowther
Representative from the State of New York

The Long Day Closes (Sullivan)---------- Male Quartet

Taps----------Oscar Short

Benediction---------- The Chaplain

Byron Patton Harrison

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *June 24, 1942.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives (Mr. Rayburn) presided.

The CHAPLAIN, Rev. Dr. James Shera Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The male quartet sang Lead, Kindly Light (Buck).

The CHAPLAIN:

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever.

Amen.

Let us hear the word of the Lord. Almighty God, hear our prayer taken from the Holy Bible.

Jesus said: I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

The righteous live forever, and the care of them is with the Most High; with His right hand He shall cover them, and with His arm He shall shield them.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me.

In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

I am the way, the truth, and the life:

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Yet hope will dream and faith will trust
For He who knows our needs is just,
Somehow, somewhere, meet we must,
Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cyprus trees!
And hopeless lays his dead away.
Nor sees the breaking of the day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hour of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own!

If, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm
That drives us nearer home.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

BYRON PATTON HARRISON, Senator from the State of Mississippi: Born August 29, 1881; lawyer; district attorney, second district of Mississippi, 1905–10; delegate Democratic National Conventions, 1908, 1920, 1924, temporary chairman, 1924; chairman of the Democratic State convention, 1916; Member, House of Representatives, Sixty-second, Sixty-third, Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth Congresses; elected to the United States Senate 1918, 1924, 1930, 1936; President pro tempore of the Senate and chairman of the Committee on Finance at the time of his death June 22, 1941.

ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON, Senator from the State of Texas: Born June 21, 1854; soldier; lawyer; graduate of West Point Military Academy; one of the organizers of the Travis Rifles at Austin, Tex., during the reconstruction period, 1874; formed a troop of cavalry,

Roosevelt Rough Riders; clerk, United States district court, 1879–89; United States marshal, 1902–10; Prohibition Party candidate for Governor of Texas, 1910 and 1912; appointed to the United States Senate on April 21, 1941, serving until his death June 26, 1941.

ALVA MOORE LUMPKIN, Senator from the State of South Carolina: Born November 13, 1886; lawyer; judge; member, State house of representatives, 1911–13; member, Conciliation Commission, United States and Uruguay, in 1914; acting assistant attorney general, South Carolina, 1918; member, State board of pardons, 1922–23; acting associate justice, State supreme court, 1926–34; Federal judge, United States District Court Eastern and Western Districts, South Carolina, May 22, 1939, until his resignation on July 21, 1941; appointed to the United States Senate on July 17, 1941; died August 1, 1941.

ALVA BLANCHARD ADAMS, Senator from the State of Colorado: Born October 29, 1875; lawyer; attorney, county of Pueblo, 1909–11; member character convention, city of Pueblo, 1911; member board of regents, Colorado State University, 1911–12; city attorney, Pueblo, 1911–15; chairman Pueblo County Council of Defense, 1917–18; major in Judge Advocate General's Department, 1918–19; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment, from May 17, 1923, to December 1, 1924; elected to the United States Senate in 1932 and again in 1938; died December 1, 1941.

STEPHEN BOLLES, First Congressional District of Wisconsin: Born June 25, 1866; reporter; correspondent; editor; press superintendent, Pan American Exposition, 1901; chief, graphic arts, and president, international jury of awards, Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1903; director of publicity, Jamestown Exposition, 1907; trustee, Janesville Public Library, 18 years; Member of the Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died July 8, 1941.

ALBERT GREIG RUTHERFORD, Fifteenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born January 3, 1879; lawyer; soldier; received degree of bachelor of law, University of Pennsylvania, 1904; enlisted Company D, Thirteenth Infantry, Pennsylvania National Guard, 1904, captain Company K, Thirteenth Infantry, 1908, major and inspector, Third Brigade, 1910, major and judge advocate general, 1917; lieutenant colonel Second Pennsylvania Reserve Militia in 1918; Member of the Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died August 10, 1941.

EDWARD THOMAS TAYLOR, Fourth Congressional District of Colorado: Born June 19, 1858; educator; lawyer; received degree of bachelor of law, University of Michigan, 1884; county superinten-

dent of schools, Lake County, 1884; deputy district attorney, 1885–86; district attorney, 1887–89; county attorney, Garfield County, two terms; city attorney, Glenwood Springs, five terms; elected to the State senate in 1896, 1900, and 1904; Member of the Sixty-first to the Seventy-seventh Congresses, inclusive (17 successive Congresses); chairman of the Appropriations Committee Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died September 3, 1941.

LEE EDWARD GEYER, Seventeenth Congressional District of California: Born September 9, 1888; educator; received degree of bachelor of arts, Baker University, Baldwin City, Kans.; graduate work at the University of Wisconsin, the University of Southern California; legislator; member, California State Assembly, sixty-seventh assembly district, 1934–36; Member Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died October 11, 1941.

LAWRENCE JOSEPH CONNERY, Seventh Congressional District of Massachusetts: Born October 17, 1895; reporter; lawyer; businessman; soldier; served on the Mexican border in 1916 in Company A, Ninth Massachusetts Infantry; World War in Company A, One Hundred and First Regiment, United States Infantry, from March 25, 1917, until honorably discharged March 24, 1919; served 19 months in France, taking part in all major operations, engagements, and battles of the One Hundred and First Infantry, Twenty-sixth (Yankee) Division; graduated from the law department of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., in 1926; Member of the Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died October 19, 1941.

PATRICK JOSEPH BOLAND, Eleventh Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born January 6, 1880; businessman; contractor; member, Scranton School Board, 1907–9; member of the Scranton City Council; county commissioner of Lackawanna County, 1915–19; Member Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; appointed majority whip during the Seventy-fourth Congress, serving until his death, May 18, 1942.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

The CHAPLAIN. Let us pray: O Love Divine, blessed is the hope and faith which Thou hast woven into the very heart of our being; they will live in some higher realm where longings and aspirations are fulfilled. Thou hast curtained the future with night and we know not what a day will bring forth, yet we praise Thee for the light upon the mountain where the lights of men pale in the splendor of the dawn. Look down upon those today who have been stricken by grief; through love's vigil, they are passing through the shadows. We pray Thee to fold them close to the breast of love; temper their sorrow with the vision of that Light that knows no shadow of turning and by which the valley is exalted and the way made clear. Be with us all, giving strength to walk through joy and sorrow, until we reach the last horizon of earth's journey then let us hear the voices calling out of the darkness, directing our ways in paths unknown. In our dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

Hon. EDWARD J. HART, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. EDWARD J. HART

Mr. SPEAKER: Once again, in continuance of a commendable custom, we have foregathered in solemn veneration of the memories of those who have left us for that mysterious land "whence no traveler returneth." But one short year ago they worked by our side, gave us the benefit of their counsel, the joy of their companionship, shared our tasks, and strove with valiant hearts and minds to increase the power and influence of this blessed land.

Since then the sable pall of death, the dark curtain of eternal night, has dropped between us, shutting off from our further view their sweet and friendly faces. Death has set the seal of eternity upon their brows and the beautiful hath been made permanent.

In this sweet hour of love and remembrance our feelings ought not to be marked by an undiluted sadness. "It is as natural to a man to die," says Lord Bacon, "as to be born." And none of us knows the day or the hour. Man's early observation and experience enforce upon his consciousness the inevitability of death, and always as he toils in the teeming market places or walks along the cool, sequestered path of mortal life there is cast before him the dark shadow of impending doom. To those who choose to dwell amid "the wide, weltering chaos of infidelity" death can be conceived of only as a grisly gorgon hovering over a fathomless pit of black despair. But we know that our Redeemer liveth. And this precious and unquenchable truth bathes us in a radiant glow of hope. For us death is not Pluto, king of the dark unknown, but rather, Azrael, brother and friend, lord of this mansion of life.

Ofttimes we are affrighted by the vastness we behold about us. Our sense of proportion is distorted by the infinity of space. We gaze upon the vast mountains that divide a continent or upon the ever-restless sea whose menacing roar can never be subdued, and our first thought is of our comparative insignificance in the order of nature. Sometimes in the country on a crisp, clear autumn evening, we shut the cottage door and step out to gaze upon the starry wilderness of worlds that gem night's radiant brow, and in its refulgence, feel as a little babe swaddled by the hands of Erebus into helpless quiescence. Then suddenly, adown the centuries comes ringing the voice of eternal truth.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away.

Again we are refreshed by the cool, sweet breath of hope. Again we know that although—

we are but a mere speck among a myriad worlds, yet we are greater than the sum of them; having our roots in the dark places of the earth but our branches in the sweet airs of heaven.

These mighty manifestations of the material world which we have beheld are but God's footstools, but there is within us an immortal soul which is His very image and likeness. Yes; a human soul—a grander creation than the Alps or the Andes, for it shall outlive them; a soul moved by aspirations that outrun the universe, and possessing a destiny that shall outlive the stars. Our sadness then, today and always, deriving from the loss of these dear colleagues whom we mourn, will be tempered by the faith and hope we carry in our hearts.

Were they to whom we pay this tribute of our love numbered among those whom the world calls great? We do not need to know. They were men of honor who strove to the limit of their abilities to perform well the high and important duties with which they were entrusted. They labored in forgetfulness of self. They loved their God; they loved their country; they loved their families and their homes. And we loved them. They were our colleagues. More, they were our comrades and our brothers, our companions in life's fitful journey. We recognize in them symbols of that great humanity of which each of us forms equally a part; we see them only as children of the living God and realize that here after all, beyond temporal greatness, is the real, substantial, and universal distinction of every man that is born of women. It is this idea of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God which is destined by the irresistible sweep of its power to destroy in God's good time every vestige of tyranny on earth. It lies at the foundation of democracy. It is this same idea upon which our country is builded; it is the indestructible cornerstone of our civil polity, and at once the reason and justification of the sublime service in which we now participate. Whatever the next world holds in store, we are bidden in this to seek and serve God in our fellow men. These dear departed asked naught of life but leave to serve, to live, and to commune with their fellow men, and from the lap of earth to look up into the face of God. That may be called their greatest glory.

We shall not pause then to inquire into the measure of their greatness. Not all who are called great are truly great. Many of the noblest heroes sleep in unremembered graves. For greatness is a term entirely related to opportunity. From the contemplation of God's glorious universe, we can see the possibility of greatness in small things as well as in the large. If we meditate upon the processes of nature we shall learn the necessity of perfection in the smallest act. God's infinite skill is not exhausted nor concentrated in the structure of a firmament, in drawing the orbit of a planet; in laying the strata of the earth; in rearing the mountain cone. The care for the bursting flower is as wise as the forces displayed in the rolling star; the smallest leaf that falls and dies unnoticed in the forest is wrought with a beauty as exquisite as the art displayed in the sturdy oak. Omnipotent skill is stamped on the infinitely small as on the infinitely great.

The lesson of religion, urged and enforced by examples in nature, is the inestimable worth of common duties, as manifesting the greatest principles; it bids us attain perfection, not by striving to do dazzling deeds but by making our experience divine; it tells us that the real hero will ennoble the humblest field of labor; that nothing is mean which can be performed as duty; but that religious virtue, like the touch of Midas, converts the humblest call of conscience into spiritual gold.

Our observation infallibly informs us that it was in accordance with this lesson that our colleagues strove and wrought. And of all who have sincerely ordered their lives in conformity with this ennobling ideal we cannot think that they are really dead. "If man is immortal," we are told, "he as truly lives in the past as he will in the future." The light of a faithful life dies not, nor does he who lived it. His body indeed is interred in earth's cold bosom, but the light of that life, like the light of the departed sun, shines on undimmed and renews its cheering radiance as day by day it is revived to the children of earth.

And what a spiritual tonic it is for us that we should thrust aside our ordinary pursuits and come here to sweetly linger over the memories of those who no longer answer the call of the roll. What a supreme benefit to ourselves that in this sweet communion of spirit we should revive those happier days ere yet their earthly lives were ended. Here we renew our better resolution; here we dwell upon the infinite mercy and love of an everlasting God. Here we contemplate the glories and bliss of that immortality which our better natures will not permit us to forget. There are those who scoff at immortality. These do but seek with vain and boasting tongue to smother the aspirations of every human heart. "If there is no existence for man beyond the present state, how," asks the old divine, "can we explain the attributes with which he is endowed and which stamp him as a moral being? What powers, what capacities are involved in his nature. What capacity to enjoy and what power to impart happiness to others. Who can reflect on the nature of such a creature, his intelligence, his susceptibility, his will, his conscience, the dignity, the excellence of which he is capable, the moral victories and triumphs he may win, his fitness to hold on his way with archangels strong in advancing all that good which infinite wisdom could devise and infinite benevolence could love, the graces with which he may be adorned, and the beatitudes with which he may be blessed, and not believe that he is made to be one with a God who has created him, a partaker of His blessedness, a companion of His eternity?" It is into that blissful eternity that our dear colleagues have gone. From their labors here they have been called away. We do not believe, to quote the graphic words of Shakespeare, that they have gone to "a blind cave of eternal night." The sparks of their noble lives flickered a little while and then went out. The lute is silent. The chords made of their heartstrings are broken. While with us all the "sense of death is most in apprehension," we feel justified in indulging the buoyant hope that they have been

translated to a better and brighter home beyond the grave, "where the air is filled with solemn, delightful music, and the sky is aglow with the splendor of sunlight and perpetual spring; where the rumbling waters are dashed with the fragrance of rare and beautiful flowers and the garlands, woven from the lilies of the valley, are forever white and green."

Henry Ward Beecher so often spoke of death as a coronation. And so it is. Henceforth, when we speak of it, let it be only as the pathway to a nobler life. Let us strip it of its awful significance, and think of it only as the working out of God's infinite mercy and goodness. We cannot escape it, but we can do much to rob it of its dread. It is the universal experience which all must undergo who have breathed and moved in material form. Grace, strength, health, the glory of the world, the bud, the blossom and the fruit of all mundane possibilities, "all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave," must blight, wither, and perish at its touch.

The universe—

Says Britain's fine prose poet, Michael Fairless—

The universe is full of miracle and mystery; the darkness and silence are set for a sign we dare not despise. The pall of night lifts, leaving us engulfed in the light of immensity under a tossing heaven of stars. The dawn breaks, but it does not surprise us, for we have watched from the valley and seen the pale twilight. Through the wondrous sabbath of faithful souls, the long day of rosemary and rue, the light brightens in the east; and we pass on toward it with quiet feet and opening eyes, bearing with us all of the redeemed earth that we have made our own, until we are fulfilled in the sunrise of the great Easter Day, and the peoples come from north and south and east and west to the city which lieth four-square—the beatific vision of God.

Let us live always in expectancy of that delectable vision. Let us live in faith and honor, and in that spirit of unselfish service which animated the careers of our separated colleagues, and which alone can bring us to a realization, full and complete, of the glory and purpose of the manifold garment of God.

The male quartet sang Crossing the Bar (Barnby).

Hon. FRANK CROWTHER, a Representative from the State of New York, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. FRANK CROWTHER

Mr. SPEAKER: On this solemn occasion we are assembled to pay tribute to the memory of our departed colleagues. We have not come in a spirit of mourning and sorrow but rather to scatter a few flowers on the pathway of memory and to renew our faith in a blessed immortality.

Joy and sorrow are closely intermingled in this busy world of ours. The happiness incident to the birth of a precious baby is ofttimes curbed by the death of its mother, and repeatedly on the highway of life the bridal procession must tarry while the funeral train passes by. Even after great victories in battle the shouts and huzzahs of the populace are hushed as vanquished foes are borne to their last resting place.

But the king and his jester must answer the call; the great and the humble and the spear of the prince and the staff of the pauper shall lie side by side.

Life is a privilege. The noontide fades
And shadows fall among the winding glades;
The joy blooms wither in the autumn air,
Yet the sweet scent of sympathy is there.
Pale sorrow leads us closer to our kind
And in the serious hours of life we find
Depths in the soul of men which lend new worth
And majesty to this brief span of earth.

Life is a privilege. If some sad fate
Sends us alone to seek the exit gate;
If men foresake us as the shadows fall,
Still does the supreme privilege of all
Come in that reaching upward of the soul
To find the welcoming presence at the goal,
And in the knowledge that our feet have trod.
Paths that lead from and must lead us back to God.

This service is one that carries us away from the busy whirl of today and transports us to the land of yesterday, filled with fond memories of those who have left us for a little while. Scarcely one of us but what sit and muse and grow fanciful as the floodgate of memory is opened and we live again the joys and sorrows of a lifetime.

The fond mother in fancy sees her first-born who was taken away in his baby days, and there comes to her an intuitive knowledge that had he been spared he would have been her pride and joy. Son and daughter in fancy see again their dear old father and mother who finally went to their reward after weary months of illness. Even communities pause in the midst of their activities to pay tribute to the memory of those whose life work and achievements have made them characters of historic interest.

And so we are assembled to turn back the pages of the record of yesterday, and as we listened to this roll call of the departed we in fancy could see our colleagues as we knew them in the days of their health and strength, of which they gave their full measure in the performance of their duties.

No measure of sacrifice on our part would have been too great if we could have saved their lives to their families and friends. But the power to stay the hand of the grim messenger is not vested in us, and we bow in humble submission before the awful majesty of death. Life, after all, is but a vapor, which appeareth for a little while and vanisheth away, and there shall be no remembrance of the wise no more than the fool forever; life is ever promising and seldom fulfilleth, ever lived in the present, and the present is no more by the time you have said it. One day calls for another day and makes joy to follow joy and tears to follows tears.

Life is a constant struggle and conflict between the victor and the vanquished, while the bitterness of the strife withers the laurels of the conqueror and rankles in the hearts of the defeated.

Success is not often measured by the degree of happiness, peace, or contentment attained but rather by the battles won and trophies captured from the vanquished foe.

Fortunate is the man who can so live that his success in material things has not dwarfed his spiritual stature. Death to him is but the zero hour of the great adventure, and he sings with the psalmist:

> Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

But man is as frail and as prone to err as he has been for centuries, and in spite of the great moral uplift and banishment of bigotry during the last century we are still possessed of the tendency to exaggerate the faults of our neighbor and belittle his efforts for good. So few of us during our life journey walk the center of the path of rectitude with never a step to the right or to the left that in order to be true to ourselves we should be less hasty and caustic in our criticism and heed well the admonition:

> Let he that be without sin cast the first stone.

The ancient Arabs had a saying that "death is a camel that kneels before every man's tent," and so in the midst of the battle of life comes death, the implacable foe of person, time, or place. Ever walking by our side, it cannot be avoided and none may escape it. Its sway is universal and the hour of its coming is uncertain. In joy or sorrow it finds us out and we must follow at the summons. Even as our departed friends were called, to us shall come perhaps without warning the grim messenger who shall dash the cup of life all fragrant with love and success from our lips and we shall stand as strangers at the gates of eternity. What will our earthly life, our lofty hopes, our success or failure matter to us at that time? How paltry and insignificant our own individuality, and how small will seem the part we played in the drama of the universe. There we shall stand in the presence of the Everlasting Judge, and human imagination

dare not take a step farther, dare not enter that presence for between us and the soul of departed friends there is a veil which we cannot penetrate, and its secret will not be revealed to us until we too pass behind it from the light which is darkness to the full light of perfect knowledge.

What a flood of happy recollections come tumbling down the stream of memory as we look back upon the friendships developed by years of association with these departed friends. To us they have told their story of humble beginnings and early hardships which, in men of sterling worth and integrity, serve but to urge them on to their goal of achievement. Many of them had attained positions of high honor in their States, and yet their ambition had been to serve their country in a representative capacity. They came from all walks of life—successful bankers and businessmen, lawyers of outstanding ability, and occasionally from the ranks of professional men and the clergy. They all contributed to the sum total of knowledge and ability that is so necessary in a national legislative body. To the younger Members of the House they were a source of inspiration, and to us all they were united in the bonds of real friendship.

These departed colleagues to whom we this day pay tribute all experienced the joy and satisfaction resulting from the real friendships that they formed during their years of service. We read in prose and poetry of deathless friendships and we all know just what that means. In this greatest of deliberative bodies, neither invective, sarcasm, nor partisanship can sever the bonds of real friendship.

There is no friend like an old friend
Who has shared our morning days;
No greeting like his welcome,
No homage like his praise.

Fame is the scentless sunflower
With gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose
With sweets in every fold.

The passing of these distinguished Members was a loss not only to their immediate families but a loss to the Nation. They had served for periods varying from a few months to a quarter of a century and their achievements will be a source of inspiration to us and to future generations. What better record can a man leave than that of the full performance of duty? Such a record is the result of the possession not only of marked ability but of undaunted courage and a high sense of honor.

To men of this caliber the Nation is indebted for their tireless energy and devoted service. To them the Master said, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you," and our faith in a blessed immortality tells us that we shall see them again in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Without this abiding faith in the hereafter, death would be indeed an appalling mystery, life would be a tragedy, and love and devotion a mere mockery.

We all dread to think of the hour of parting when those nearest and dearest to our hearts shall be taken out of our lives. But the great wealth of our love and devotion will not be lost to us, for it shall be gathered into the treasury of the kingdom and shall be returned to us a hundredfold when we, in our turn, shall follow the unnumbered generations into gladness eternal.

Oh, may I join the chair invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence;
Live in pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude; in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self;
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars
And with their mild persistence
Urge men's search to vaster issues.

Hope not the cure of sin till self is dead.
Forget it in love's service
And the debt thou cannot pay the angels shall forget.
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone
Save thou one soul
And it perchance may save thine own.

God in His infinite wisdom does not permit us to darken our lives with the thought of death. He bids us raise our eyes to the heavens and ever have an abiding faith in our fellow men; to cultivate self-respect in place of self-regard; to walk humbly with Him in the quietness of the dim valley and the dark stream ever believing that an all-merciful Providence has a place and a joy for even the most humble of His creations.

Whether this life journey be long or short, let the record established by our departed colleagues continue to be an inspiration to us as time marches on. At this hour when this world of ours is torn and bleeding by cruel war, let us not cry out as did King Richard, "Now is the winter of our discontent," but rather may we declare that this is the springtime of our opportunity, to serve God and home and country.

Amidst our trials and tribulations, our ambitions, and our temptations, let us remember the closing stanza of that literary gem by Bryant:

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like a quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon;
But, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust,
Approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams.

The male quartet sang The Long Day Closes (Sullivan).

Mr. Oscar Short, United States Marine Band Orchestra, sounded taps.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the following benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift the light of His countenance upon you and give you peace. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
in the
House of Representatives

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Collins

Of Mississippi

Mr. SPEAKER: In the midst of a war that has covered the globe, with death and desolation prevailing throughout most of the earth's surface, the House of Representatives of the United States has adjourned its business to pay tribute to departed servants of the people who until recently sat in the Halls of the Congress.

I knew well the men whose names will be called today and who will not answer the roll call. It was an honor and a privilege to be associated with them.

Hon. PAT HARRISON of my own State was our leading citizen. Our political careers started about the same time. We were warm friends, and his achievements in behalf of his country were a source of satisfaction to me and to his other friends.

Endowed with a splendid physique and an outstanding mind, content to rise early and work long hours, he rose rapidly to positions of responsibility in the House. His eloquence, knowledge of Government affairs, and generalship were so marked that he soon was recognized as one of the leaders of the House of Representatives.

But it was in the Senate that his great talents became generally known. As a member of many of the Senate's most important committees, and as chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, he shouldered enormous responsibilities and carried them in a manly and honorable way. He was always a genial, happy-minded, high-hearted man, who loved his friends and was loved by them. He had a fine sense of humor and liked to play tricks on his friends. He loved life and the outdoors and its games and its pleasures. He loved clean and worthwhile amusements and his interests were those of a healthy, intelligent, sober-minded citizen.

In debate he was feared, and seldom did his colleagues dare to engage in a colloquy with him.

But throughout he was fair and honorable, and vanquished foes were among his most loyal friends.

In his presentation of intricate measures he evidenced the profoundness of close application and intellectual diligence.

As a parliamentarian he was among the best. As a strategist he had no equals.

He was a party man whose party relied on him. He loved his State and its people admired him and applauded his achievements.

He was a great American whose sterling worth and fine qualities of mind and heart were recognized by all.

Hon. Fred Sullens, editor of the Jackson Daily News—one of the most brilliant and discerning of the Nation's editors and a warm personal friend of Senator HARRISON—in a beautiful editorial written the day following the Senator's death, said, in part:

"Our Pat" is now a part of history.

His familiar voice that swayed millions with its golden eloquence and gave words the magic of mellow music is forever silent.

The frail and broken bark that carried a tired and toil-worn soul has been wafted gently to a distant and unknown shore, the borders of which we call eternity.

The face and form that was more familiar to multitudes in Washington than on the streets of the little town that gave him birth will be seen no more, but PAT HARRISON will not be forgotten in the city where it is so easy to forget famous men who have played their parts and made their exits. Tender memories of the man will linger long and lovingly.

Biographers will strive to tell the story of the ambitious youth who paid his way through the university of his home State by pitching baseball and later pitched his way to the heights of fame because he had the heart of a warrior, the soul of a crusader, and the rare gift of winning men with pleasing personality, power of persuasion, lofty character, and sincerity of purpose. May a gracious God grant them the inspiration to tell properly a dramatic story that deserves to rank as an epic in American history. It will be a colorful story of the career of a great man of boundless sympathy and undaunted courage, a never-failing champion of the people's

rights, a flaming evangelist of imperishable party principles, an every-ready defender of freedom and liberty, a public servant who counted no sacrifice too great when made in behalf of a just cause or worthy purpose, a man who won the love and admiration of an entire nation because its people had faith in his sterling integrity, stainless honor, and honesty of purpose.

Many men of exalted minds who consecrated their talents to unselfish public service have made their entrances and their exits in that historic Chamber where there is a vacant seat today, but none ever gave to that service greater personal powers, higher statesmanship, larger sacrifices, or more boundless love for those whom he served than the man whose body, broken on the wheel of duty, will soon be returned to the soil from which he came.

The last rites will be simple as well befits a man who lived simply despite the fame he won. Perhaps at the graveside somebody will softly and tenderly sing "Abide with me," a hymn he loved so well. "Life's morning breaks and earth's vain glories flee," will be a fitting requiem for PAT HARRISON.

Fast falling tears will blind the eyes of devoted friends when their trembling hands lower the casket. The voice of a servant of God will gently murmur, "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and all that is mortal of a faithful servant of the people will be lost in the sight of men forever. Then when the mourners slowly and sorrowfully move away from the grave they can say:

"He rests. The world weight of the years is past.
No stress of war or pain can tire him now.
The old time calm of thoughtful poise,
At last is on his brow.

"And that is good to know, for else this hour
Of death is swept in living deeds away.
There stands till doom in death-defying power,
The glory of his yesterday."

—*Frederick Sullens.*

I continue to sympathize deeply with Senator HARRISON'S bereaved wife and children and his many friends. May God comfort their aching hearts is my prayer. I can well understand their deep-seated grief. When one is plunged into the depths of Gethsemane and drains to the dregs his cup of sorrow, he can, as I often do, appreciate Byron's statement that—

There is not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.

Remarks by Representative Eliot

Of Massachusetts

Mr. SPEAKER: Six years ago, when the Social Security Act was being drawn, I had the duty of working for many weeks with the Senate Finance Committee. I had more especially the happy privilege of working for long days and evenings, on a personal basis, with the chairman of that committee. For a youngster, to work with Senator PAT HARRISON was a wonderful education in the legislative process. For anyone, it was the greatest possible good fortune informally to study with him far-reaching legislation, to be delighted by his wit and his warm human simplicity. I rise today simply to say how sad I feel because PAT HARRISON is gone.

Remarks by Representative Sparkman

Of Alabama

Mr. SPEAKER: Under leave to extend my remarks in the Record, I include the following statement by Jack Kyle, national educational director, the Regular Veterans Association:

No group mourns the death of the late senior Senator from Mississippi, the Honorable PAT HARRISON, more than the Regular Veterans Association. Senator HARRISON was perhaps our chief recognized authority on tax legislation. He was universally respected for his independent judgment, and he never failed to offer opposition to anything contrary to his homespun philosophy.

While PAT HARRISON was making history in the field of Government finance he was further demonstrating his statesmanship by actively championing the cause of the veterans of the Regular Services, a then forgotten minority.

Back in the dark days of the depression and incident economy acts Senator HARRISON—though not a veteran himself—alined himself with the cause of this neglected group.

PAT HARRISON took the lead in pushing the now famous Andreas Berger case to a satisfactory conclusion.

In 1935 only those disabled Regulars discharged for disability could be hospitalized under the law. Berger, with one foot in the grave, came to Washington and applied to R. V. A.'s then national commander, Walter Johnson, who immediately went to work with Senator HARRISON to correct the situation through legislation.

It was to the sympathetic PAT HARRISON that undisputed credit belonged for legislation that was enacted to remove this cruel discrimination. By the attachment of a rider on another bill, almost overnight the hospitals were again thrown open to literally thousands of former sailors, soldiers, marines, and Coast Guard men disabled while in the service of their country.

Later Senator HARRISON made a thorough investigation of the treatment being given our disabled Regulars. He was to have sponsored the 1936 bill—Public, No. 783—but, due to illness, he was obliged to leave the management of the bill to the Senate Pensions Committee. This understanding committee acted in full accord with PAT HARRISON'S recommendations, with the result that Public, No. 783, became more than a number—it was law.

The Nation can ill afford to lose such statesmen as PAT HARRISON.

Memorial Exercises
in the
United States Senate

Memorial Exercises in the Senate

MONDAY, *May 25, 1942.*

The PRESIDING OFFICER. On May 14, 1942, the Senate agreed to Senate Resolution 250, which will be read.

The legislative clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That on Monday, May 25, 1942, at the conclusion of the morning business, the legislative business of the Senate be suspended for the purpose of permitting the delivery of memorial addresses on the life, character, and public service of the late Senators Pat Harrison, of Mississippi; Andrew Jackson Houston, of Texas; Alva M. Lumpkin, of South Carolina, and Alva B. Adams, of Colorado, respectively.

Mr. BILBO. Mr. President, I submit a resolution, which I ask to have read.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolution will be read.

The legislative clerk read the resolution (S. Res. 254), as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. PAT HARRISON, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay tribute to his high character and distinguished public service.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to his memory the Senate at the conclusion of these exercises shall stand adjourned.

Address by Senator Bilbo

Of Mississippi

Mr. PRESIDENT: Of all the beautiful and impressive ceremonies observed in this body, none is more beautiful and none more impressive than the time-honored custom of assembling once each year to pay tribute to the memory of our colleagues who have answered the roll call of eternity.

It affords a fitting opportunity to commemorate their services and to express our sentiments of love, esteem, and appreciation for departed comrades whom we loved in life and whom we revere in death. It provides the incentive to revert to a serious contemplation of the footprints they have left behind. It serves to inspire those of us still in our pilgrimage so to live that we, too, may be counted among earth's benefactors.

> So live, that when the mighty caravan
> Which halts one nighttime in the vale of death
> Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
> Thou shalt mount onward to the eternal hills,
> Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength renewed
> Like the strong eagle's, for its upward flight.

This solemn occasion reminds us, so forcefully, of the uncertainty and frailty of human life; of the profound mystery of death.

> Leaves have their time to fall
> And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath
> And stars to set, but all,
> Thou hath all seasons for thine own, O Death!

What a multitude of deep and varied emotions are called from the soul by the mere utterance of that word "death."

Since time immemorial man has sought in vain to penetrate the veil that separates time and eternity; to define the transition from the finite to the infinite.

Even science in all its profundity, with all its miraculous achievements in every department of life, must retreat in silent acquiescence before the unfathomed mystery of death that passeth understanding. It is not for us to know why some must fall before the sickle of the Reaper in the very dawn of life, why some go out with the noontide, while others linger far into the twilight until life can hold no more.

Today we are thinking of the dire loss to this body by the decree of a fate that has removed from this Council Chamber of the Nation, at the noontide of their usefulness, some of our most beloved and most valuable Members.

Memories of happier days crowd our brains as we look back through the vista of years. Scenes of bygone days when they were in our midst flit before us in swift succession and we see clearly, as if reflected in a shining mirror, their familiar forms and faces. The years will pass, yet the images of those we honor will appear again and again as the recollection of a well-remembered dream. Their names and their deeds will illumine history's pages long after we who extol them now shall sleep, too, in dreamless dust.

Today we are deeply aware of the heavy duties and increasing exactions which have drawn so heavily upon the endurance of men in high places and hastened their departure from this earthly vale. We cannot refrain from lamenting. We cannot refrain from wondering why we were deprived of their talents and influence at a time when they were needed most.

In searching for an answer to the eternal question, we come upon the words of a philosopher of long ago who sought to assuage the sorrow of the multitude mourning for a great man who had been snatched from life at the zenith of his career:

> Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the sunniest, happiest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock and in an instant hear the billows roar above the sunken ship. For whether in midsea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all.

Mr. President, on June 22 of last year, as the soft, faint rays of a new day were appearing on the horizon, one of the Nation's greatest statesmen was summoned to answer the roll call of eternity. On the wings of that Sabbath morning the genial, valiant spirit of PAT HARRISON, senior Senator from Mississippi, was borne away from its earthly abode to take its place in the parliament of the skies.

He needs no encomiums. His more than 30 years of public service have engraved their own record in the hearts of the people. His fellow countrymen who loved him in life and who honor him in death will transmit his illustrious name to posterity.

On that June day, as the morning light was faintly bathing the dome of the world's most beautiful Capitol, the somber tidings of Senator HARRISON'S death were flashed over the Nation by wire, by press, by radio, and by word of mouth. The State and the Nation which he had served with so great distinction were bowed with grief.

The press throughout the country throbbed with universal lamentation.

In Mississippi, where the name of PAT HARRISON had long been a cherished household word, the news of his passing took precedence over all else. At the end of the year, when the editors of the State compiled their chronology of leading events of 1941, Senator HARRISON'S death was unanimously chosen as the leading news story of the year in Mississippi. That the story of his demise was accorded first place in a year when a tidal wave of war rode the headlines to dwarf most all other news, is in itself an eloquent testimonial to the secure place he held in the hearts of his people.

The World Almanac, in its chronology of the most notable world events of 1941, listed the death of Mississippi's PAT HARRISON as the most notable event of June 22, 1941. This bespeaks the place accorded him in the scale of world events, at a time when every day of the year was filled with the most exciting and sensational of history-making incidents.

Volumes of beautiful and eloquent eulogies poured from the Nation's presses to tell the inspiring story of the humble newsboy who had risen to a place of eminence as President pro tempore of the United States Senate, as chairman of the all-powerful Finance Committee, and ranking member of the important Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate.

Although Senator HARRISON had not at all times supported administration measures, the President led the Nation in mourning this beloved statesman, this renowned standard bearer of the Democratic Party. President Roosevelt fittingly voiced the sentiments of the American people. I quote his utterance, in part:

> Senator HARRISON'S death is a great sorrow to all of us. It is a great loss to the Nation in this hour of grave emergency. His exceptional talents won increasing recognition, rewarded in successive posts of great responsibility. It was as natural as it was fitting that he should finally attain the chairmanship of the great Committee on Finance and that his colleagues should, in due course, select him as President pro tempore of the Senate.
>
> Friend, statesman, great Mississippian, great American, he has left a memory which will be part of the imperishable heritage of all who passed his way.

Eulogists have vied with one another to describe his colorful and effective personality; the brave gentilities of his character; the generosity of his heart and mind; his eloquence and wit in public forum; his resourcefulness in strategy; his affable temperament, his contemporary influence, and the inspiration that his life had set aglow for future generations. They have searched the gardens of their hearts and minds for garlands with which to crown him.

Of all the eloquent and impressive eulogies spoken or written on the life of Senator HARRISON, I think none is more touchingly beautiful, none more significant than the simple tribute paid him by the saintly woman who was the first of his teachers at the little school in Crystal Springs, Miss., where he was born and where he worked so industriously as a mere lad to help support a widowed mother.

The venerable teacher said of him, "Pat was always such a busy little boy." She told of her admiration for the boy who had been christened BYRON PATTON HARRISON. She remarked his unfailing courtesy and chivalry. She said it was this genial youth she called upon most often whenever there were unusual tasks to be performed in the classroom. She said it was Pat the other boys most generally depended upon "to find the ball." She praised the tireless energy and integrity that secured for him the extra jobs the community had to offer for a youth so earnestly doing his part to support the fatherless household. She extolled the courage and determination which were destined to carry him to the heights of fame while she looked on with so great pride in her former pupil.

We may well imagine that the golden precepts taught him at his noble mother's knee and the kindly influence of the understanding teacher went far to inspire the ambitious boy to fruitful thought and earnest will.

> There is no chance, no destiny, no fate
> Can circumvent or hinder or control
> The firm resolve of a determined mind.

As we reflect upon the story of his pilgrim progress, step by step, from the tender boyhood days when he was "such a busy little boy" on through the years, we acknowledge that it remains for the fluent pens of able historians to do full justice to the intimate life story of this remarkable man.

It would seem that he had assimilated the characteristics of the great oaks in whose cool shadows the busy boy rested from his youthful labors. Like the oaks, he grew tall and strong and stanch.

It would seem that he drew warmth and stature from the sun and the sea which had lured him to establish his home, in early manhood, on the idyllic strands of the Mississippi gulf coast. For he enjoyed a fullness of life such as few men, indeed, are privileged to enjoy.

Give me the fullness of life like to the sea and the sun; give me fullness of physical life; mind equal and beyond their fullness; give me a greatness and perfection of soul higher than all things; give me my inexpressible desire.

By his own efforts, with money earned at playing baseball and then by waiting on table at school, he paid his way through college. After a brief period of teaching school, he took up the practice of law. He chose as the devoted wife of his bosom one of Mississippi's fairest and finest young ladies, Miss Mary Edwina McInnis, of Leakesville. Entering politics first as district attorney at the age of 23, he showed marked ability from the beginning. Soon it became apparent that PAT HARRISON could measure lances with the best of men in public strategy.

A few years later, in 1910, the people of his district nominated him as their Representative in the Halls of Congress. His 8 years of service in the House won him increasing recognition and he gained a prominent place in the deliberations of that body. In 1918 he was elevated to the United States Senate. He enjoyed the rare distinction of never having been defeated for any office he ever sought for himself at the hands of the people. Thus was he honored by a State noted for its keen interest in politics and government.

His three successive decades of service in the National Congress embraced some of the most momentous years in the history of our Republic.

During those fearful days of 1914 to 1918, when the world was embroiled in war, he rendered creditable service in the House. President Wilson counted Mississippi's PAT HARRISON as one of his stalwarts. Pat felt the call to arms and had intimated his intention to don the uniform and join the ranks of American men marching off to war to save the world for democracy. But the President protested and urged Congressman HARRISON to stay at his post in Washington. He reminded Pat that men of experience and proven worth

in the council chambers of the Nation should stay at their posts because, he said:

> We do not feel that we have the right to weaken one branch of the Government to strengthen another.

So it was that PAT HARRISON remained in Congress and did his bit to aid the tragic wartime President throughout the devastating experiences of that era.

Pat had the capacity to become a fine soldier in arms, I have no doubt. The same sure-footedness and the same keen perception that had made him an outstanding athlete in his youth and in manhood a recognized strategist in public affairs would have served him well on the battlefield, there is no doubt. He exemplified the type of man William Wordsworth had in mind when he said:

> Who, if he be called upon to face
> Some awful moment in which Heaven has joined
> Great issues, good or bad for human kind
> Is happy as a lover; and attired
> In sudden brightness like a man inspired.
> This is the happy warrior; this is he
> Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

Yes; I think Pat might have covered himself with glory On the battlefield in that World War of 25 years ago; but his seasoned experience in national legislation was such that he was needed most in Congress during that trying period. He gave good account of himself, and was entrusted with higher and higher assignments as the years slipped by.

Came the economic crash of 1929, and the stressful, harrowing, crushing years of depression which followed. Having been elevated to the Senate in 1918, and as chairman of the powerful Senate Finance Committee from 1933 forward, Senator HARRISON played a vital role in legislation enacted by this body during that memorable depression era.

Now the world is at war again, engulfed in a globe-encircling, all-pervading war, the cruelest and most dsastrous of all time. Senator HARRISON was still with us as we began

to shape and launch our national defense program in this second World War, which is truly a war of survival. By virtue of his important committee assignments he shouldered grave responsibilities fraught with indescribable stress and strain.

His death, coming as it did in a time of severest national crisis, was widely lamented as a great tragedy for this Nation. A sorrowing people, stunned and bewildered by his untimely passing, so far short of man's allotted span, found it difficult to believe that the sands of time had run so swiftly for him.

> We know that tears are vain,
> That Death ne'er heeds nor hears distress,
> Will this unteach us to complain,
> Or make one mourner weep the less?
> And thou, who tellst me to forget,
> Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

But when we meditate upon his long and eventful service, embracing three decades of the most crucial and fateful years in our country's history, we find it easier to lay aside our robes of mourning. We bow to the will of the Infinite One who doeth all things well. We are reconciled to a merciful destiny which bade our beloved colleague abandon his arduous toil and care and rest forever in the calm and peaceful bosom of eternity. We acknowledge that if the duration of Senator HARRISON'S existence may be measured by service and not by years of life he lived well beyond the proverbial span.

When historians shall have written his imperishable biography, well may they say of him that he went before the Almighty Judge with his obligations well fulfilled. Well may they call him a great Mississippian, a great American, a great statesman.

His body has its hallowed resting place in the soil of his beloved Mississippi, hard by the sparkling waters of the Gulf he loved so well, where his proud but sorrowful fellow citizens laid him to rest beneath a wilderness of fair and

fragrant flowers. His mortal dust will return eventually to the land which gave him birth and which he served with honor and distinction, but his memory will linger on in the hearts of the people, his place in the annals of State and Nation secure forever.

The noble wife, the lovely daughters, the splendid son who mourn for their illustrious loved one will find solace in the knowledge that the world has been enriched because he lived and worked and served.

All will find comfort in the thought that it is not the whole of life to live nor all of death to die.

> And very near us, though unseen
> These dear, immortal spirits tread;
> For all the boundless universe is life—
> There are no dead.

May the hand of a merciful God rest gently upon all who mourn and brush away their tears.

All glory to the honored name of PAT HARRISON. May his immortal soul find peace and joy eternal in the land of everlasting life.

Address by Senator Barkley

Of Kentucky

Mr. PRESIDENT: I always find it difficult to give expression to the sentiments of my heart, when commenting upon the life, character, and public achievements of my colleagues in this body; but, if I had the facility of speech which I might wish to have under all circumstances, I should find my language peculiarly inadequate at this hour.

I recall that in 1913, when as a young man I entered the House of Representatives, beginning my term on the same day when Woodrow Wilson was inaugurated President of the United States, one of the first men whom it was my pleasure to meet on the day of that inauguration was PAT HARRISON, of Mississippi; and from that day until the day of his death, he and I were warm, close, bosom, devoted friends. Champ Clark used to say that no man could ever be said to be really popular or to have a warm place in the hearts of his fellow men until they gave him a nickname; and while that statement may not be always accurate, the fact that any man in public life, or in private life, for that matter is called by some affectionate name given to him by his neighbors and friends, I have always regarded as a tribute to his personality and his character.

I do not deem it essential at this moment to go into any detail in describing the public services of PAT HARRISON; but if the Speaker of the House of Representatives was accurate in his estimate of the test of popularity and humanity, PAT HARRISON qualified in the highest degree. He was a friendly man; he was a warm-hearted man; he was a sympathetic man. He had an uncanny way of sensing public reactions to public questions. I used to think that he and another of my predecessors in this body, Ollie M. James, of Kentucky, could

more nearly gage public opinion on any important matter than could any other two men with whom I ever came in contact.

When I first met PAT HARRISON he was in his early thirties, barely beyond 30, I think. He had preceded me in the House by a couple of years. Tall, handsome, colorful, he created attention wherever he went. I recall that in the House of Representatives in the discussion of many an important problem PAT HARRISON was always in the forefront. His service in the other branch of Congress was of such outstanding character and so endeared him to the people of Mississippi that at the August primary, as I recall, in 1918, he was nominated over the sitting Senator for a place in this body. That nomination came to him not only because of his outstanding record in the House of Representatives, but because of his loyal support of President Wilson in the great war which it fell to his lot to conduct in 1917 and 1918.

I remember PAT HARRISON as a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House, and later, when I entered this body, of the similar committee of the Senate. I remember him as a hard-working, affable, diplomatic chairman of the Committee on Finance; and I used to think that PAT HARRISON, the chairman of that committee, conducted its hearings and its deliberations with a finer sense of proportion and was able to iron out difficulties in the solution of tremendous problems of taxation and of finance better than was any man who ever occupied that place before him.

Now we mourn his loss.

The faithless man, the man without hope, says there is no future for the human soul. Such a man, when he sees the leaves falling from the trees in the autumn, and the ground of the earth seared with the frosts and snows, and gazes upon the naked forest, may say, "There comes no spring." But, by and by, the snows melt, and the warm rays of the sun bring forth the green carpet on the earth's surface, and the foliage of the trees burgeons forth again to give shelter to man and

beast. I believe that that is only symbolic, Mr. President, of the human soul.

In his wonderful poem Invictus, Henley uses this language:

> It matters not how strait the gate,
> How charged with punishments the scroll,
> I am the master of my fate;
> I am the captain of my soul.

In our complex civilization, when as individuals we are buffeted around by circumstances over which we have no control, it may be difficult for us to say that we are the masters of our fate; but we can say that we are captains of our souls. PAT HARRISON, though, was the master of his fate and he was likewise captain of his soul.

Somewhere in the skies—it may be on the beautiful Isle of Somewhere—in my humble judgment, that soul still lives.

I could do nothing more appropriate in describing him than to read a little poem by Edgar A. Guest, entitled "A Man's Ideal." I can well imagine that PAT HARRISON himself might be speaking in this language:

> To live as gently as I can;
> To be, no matter where, a man;
> To take what comes of good or ill
> And cling to faith and honor still;
> To do my best and let that stand,
> The record of my brain and hand,
> And then should failure come to me,
> Still work and hope for victory.
>
> To have no secret place wherein
> I stoop unseen to shame and sin;
> To be the same when I'm alone,
> As when my every deed is known.
> To live undaunted, unafraid
> Of any step that I have made;
> To be without pretense or sham,
> Exactly what men think I am.

Address by Senator McNary

Of Oregon

Mr. PRESIDENT: There is little more that can be said in praise of the life and deeds of former Senator BYRON PATTON HARRISON, of Mississippi. However, because I loved him dearly this brief expression of my affection will relieve my heart of a welled-up emotion.

Properly to appraise his worth and to appreciate his friendship, one had to know him intimately. It was my fate and good fortune to have known him closely from the beginning of his service in the Senate in 1919 until his untimely passing in the summer of 1941. His charming personality, pleasant manner, common honesty, and unquestioned loyalty endeared him to the Members of Congress and a host of friends throughout the Nation. He was a true and devoted friend and the orbit of his friendship was expansive. Little spites and small vexations never challenged the attention of his responsive mind; but large problems of state and great issues moved him into aggressive action.

As vividly as though it were yesterday, I recall his comment when he was to deliver the keynote speech at the Democratic National Convention in New York in June 1924. He said, "This is a great responsibility and a great honor, and if I put it over, it may help the party."

Then he read me his speech, and I was so greatly interested in my companion's success that I went to New York and witnessed its delivery. Those who listened to his speech will recall that it was a masterpiece, measured by Democratic standards, and it evoked many ovations of applause and commendation.

Mr. President, while I am in a reminiscent mood, let me recall another incident in his impressive life where he decided a question with the skill of a prophet. To me he exclaimed

one day that an opportunity had opened whereby he could become a member either of the Agricultural Committee or the Committee on Finance. I advised him to go on the Agricultural Committee, as I thought that committee dealt with problems more closely related to the welfare of the people of Mississippi. He chose otherwise, and years later became chairman of the powerful and oft-punished Finance Committee. If he had followed my advice, he never would have become chairman of the influential Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, because its great chairman, the beloved Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Smith] remains with us in health and vigor.

He was a true sportsman in all his human relations and varied political activities. When our distinguished and capable leader, Senator Alben W. Barkley, of Kentucky, defeated him by a single vote in the Democratic caucus, Senator PAT HARRISON accepted the verdict uncomplainingly and with all the grace and sweetness of a victor.

Senator HARRISON was loved because he was square, approachable, and intensely human. He leaves with us a rich harvest of high achievements.

Mr. President, to me it is a precious privilege to pay brief but reverent tribute to the memory of our beloved colleague, PAT HARRISON.

Address by Senator George

Of Georgia

Mr. PRESIDENT: I well recall the day when I was privileged to take a seat in this body. I had previously met PAT HARRISON, but I had not known him intimately. I well remember in those days, when those of us on this side of the aisle were in the minority, how his party depended primarily upon PAT HARRISON in all the parliamentary debate of that period.

He was an able debater. He was keen of wit, but his wit was without a sting, because he was a just, and a magnanimous man, and a magnanimous man is never vindictive; indeed, the lack of the spirit of magnanimity is often marked by the most extreme vindictiveness displayed in human character.

PAT HARRISON was a kindly, friendly man. He had that fine, quiet culture of the South, unobtrusive, gentle, considerate. He had great patience. Genius, Mr. President, has been defined as the capacity for great patience. He was a very loyal man; nothing disturbed him more than dissension within his own circle of friends, whether political or otherwise. He liked unity. Disunity disturbed and distressed him. He was a wise man, and had that peculiar wisdom which enabled him to handle legislation with greater ease, I think, than any other man I have ever known. He rarely encountered any stubborn battles over the most difficult legislative problems handled by him on this floor. He always accomplished his purpose with great ease because of his fine qualities of character which were known to all men who were associated with him.

I was associated with him very closely on two important committees. For a number of years, I sat by his side on the Foreign Relations Committee, and when the Honorable Key Pittman, of Nevada, was called, I went to Senator HARRISON

and asked him if he would not assume the duties and responsibilities of the chairmanship of the Committe on Foreign Relations. He was entitled to the position, but he graciously declined. I earnestly suggested, and urged it because I knew the work would be lighter than that imposed on the chairman of the Finance Committee, and I had already felt that he was bending under the burden of work.

It was my pleasure to associate with him intimately as a member of the Finance Committee. For many years I sat by his side on that committee. There were great men serving upon that committee, on both sides of the table. On the side of the minority, there were such men as Simmons, of North Carolina, and Andreas Jones, of New Mexico, wise, patient, industrious, able men, and PAT HARRISON, always with the ability instinctively to gage political and economic issues, and always with the patience and gentleness and kindness which marked him throughout his life.

He was able to make himself felt back in the days when we were but a minority upon that committee, and a very small minority. Then, he came to the leadership of the committee, and, after the inauguration of President Roosevelt, handled some of the most important legislation which has been considered by the Congress during the last 10 years. Before that committee came the Retirement Act, before it came the Social Security Act, before it came all the legislation that has to do with the welfare and well-being of the veterans of World War No. 1, besides matters affecting the tariff and the great body of revenue legislation which has been considered and passed since the Roosevelt administration came into power. Not many of our colleagues will recall it, but, within these years, and after he became chairman of the Finance Committee, some 14 distinct important revenue measures have been considered and passed, and always his was the guiding genius that enabled us to steer

those difficult measures through the Senate, oftentimes without even extended debate.

Senator HARRISON loved the coasts. I recall that on more than one occasion he said to me that he would like to return home by the coastal route. Somehow or other he caught the music of the waves as they came in and receded, and he was familiar with the music of God laid upon the quivering leaves of the forest.

He was kindly of soul, gentle, patient, magnanimous, able in debate, truly a wise leader.

His advice was always good in the party councils. I do not believe that any of his colleagues who knew him well would be able to recall when his advice on any important question was far wrong or far out of line with the position which the party leaders should have taken.

His advice was potent in the national councils, and he left his impress upon his party, and the policies his party pursued during his long and active career, although he passed away at a relatively early age.

PAT HARRISON had the quality of leadership which enabled him to accomplish great things without bluster and without display. I think he knew, keenly knew, that there was no honor in false pretense, and he quickly appreciated the genuine man when he met him. When he had the pleasure of associating with his colleagues, he rarely misjudged any one of them.

He was beloved on both sides of the aisle in this body back in the days when there were sharp party issues. In those days his lance flashed brightly in debate, yet he held the esteem, the confidence, and the personal affection of men on both sides of the aisle.

In a deep sense PAT HARRISON was not a partisan; he was too magnanimous. In a deep sense he was too just to have any of the spirit of vindictiveness in him which too often mars the records and the lives of lesser men.

He has left his impress on this body. His place in the Senate and in the country has not been filled, and cannot be filled, because he understood, without tedious application, the true answers to many of the difficult problems of his time, and of the time in which we now live.

Mr. President, I pay this unstudied tribute to a personal friend, a coworker in a most difficult legislative field, a patriot, a statesman, and the beloved son of the great State of Mississippi.

Address by Senator Bankhead

Of Alabama

Mr. PRESIDENT: While other Members of the Senate are paying tribute to the life and character of the greatly beloved PAT HARRISON, I have thought it would be appropriate to have printed in the Record a statement about the life and character and accomplishments and ability of PAT HARRISON which was published in the New York Times the day following his death, which so saddened us all. This article gives in detail some incidents which I believe should be recorded at this place, so that future historians may have the benefit of the information furnished by a great independent newspaper.

The article is as follows:

Senator BYRON PATTON HARRISON, Democrat, of Mississippi, who signed his name as "Pat," was a favorite among his colleagues in the Senate and regarded as one of the most skillful political maneuverers ever to serve in that body.

The senior Mississippi Senator, who would have been 60 years old on August 29, 1941, was President pro tempore of the Senate and chairman of its powerful Finance Committee, and in 1937 missed being elected majority leader by one vote after the administration threw its full weight behind Senator Alben W. Barkley, of Kentucky.

As first lieutenant of the late Senator Joe T. Robinson, of Arkansas, majority leader in the first Roosevelt Congresses, Senator HARRISON helped engineer the early New Deal legislation through Congress. Senator Robinson and Vice President Garner used every available pretext to send measures to Senator HARRISON'S Finance Committee, where they might have the handling not only of the shrewd Mississippian but also of the group of able Senators whom he gathered around him in that body. He all but personally selected the members of his committee.

Thus was the original National Recovery Administration bill, the Social Security Act, the beer bill, parts of the original Agricultural Adjustment Act, and other measures routed through the

Senate. In putting through the National Recovery Administration law the Senator, with Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor and formerly legislative agent of the American Federation of Labor, acting as his "lobbyist," literally "horse-traded" it through a dubious Senate.

Happy-go-lucky by nature, a sympathetic and lovable character, and a keen observer of men and the things that make them "tick," Senator HARRISON was regarded as without peer in the art of persuading his colleagues to do or not to do things. He had a way of standing his ground that did not embarrass his fellow Members. He did most of the tougher part of his work behind the scenes, in cloakrooms and committee rooms, and from these stories often came of how the Senator, moved to exasperation, would dress off some opponent or contentious bureaucrat.

He was known as a gay cavalier among the Democrats before they came to power in 1933. Almost daily he was on the trail of the Republicans, thrusting them here and there to their constant dismay.

When the Democrats came into power in 1933, Senator HARRISON was made chairman of the Finance Committee, and from then on his gay floor action was at a minimum. There was never, however, any diminution of his gaity and effectiveness in the cloakrooms. One of his most hilarious efforts in the former days was his reading, with aside explanations, of a Department of Agriculture pamphlet on the Love Life of the Bullfrog.

Although greatly chagrined when the administration raised a hand against him for the leadership in 1936, Senator HARRISON retained no rancor. Many a time since he has been called in to straighten out situations in the administration. He took an active part in putting through the lease-lend bill. What happened when a budding filibuster on that measure was crushed is a pointed illustration in the regard in which he was held by his colleagues.

It was evident that the Senator's health was fast slipping away. Some of his cronies pleaded with him to take some time off. But no, he felt that he was needed in the cloakrooms and around "among the boys." He had taken on the particular assignment of handling the new Members.

Senator HARRISON'S specialty was taxation and revenue matters although he was ranking member of the Foreign Relations Committee and had the refusal of the chairmanship when Senator Key Pittman died last year (1940). He was a key member of all the steering committees and inner councils of the Democratic Party, both in the Senate and in the country at large.

He was a great favorite with the Press Galleries whose members referred to him always as The Old Fox. Correspondents often were tipped off to important backstairs action when they saw The Old Fox walk out on the floor, his tall frame slightly stooped, his thumbs thrust into his lower vest pockets, and his eye fixed on some Senator. If Senator James F. Byrnes, of South Carolina, recently nominated for the Supreme Court, happened to walk up beside him, the newspaperman knew that something was afoot. Incidentally, Senator HARRISON led the delegation of himself, Senator Barkley, and Senator Carter Glass to the White House to urge the appointment of Senator Byrnes to the Court when Associate Justice McReynolds recently retired.

As chairman of the Finance Committee, Senator HARRISON had charge of tax and revenue bills in the Senate. He frequently clashed with administration officials, because he had his own ideas about taxation. A conservative by nature, with his ear attuned to the "Main Streets" that run up and down the towns of his own State, also a crony of businessmen, he never could swallow some of the Treasury tax theories. He was credited with the major part in stopping the wealth-sharing tax bill in 1936, and with undoing the undistributed profits tax measure in 1937.

He lived modestly in Washington with Mrs. Harrison. He was a man's man, given to the pleasures of the golf course and club room.

For several years Senator HARRISON'S relations with President Roosevelt were quite strained. This coolness started when the Senator organized a drive which led to the repeal of the undistributed profits tax, one of the President's favorite fiscal policies. HARRISON had pushed the tax through the Senate, but, after a year of its operation, he became convinced it was unsound. The President was so annoyed that he allowed the repealer, which had been attached to another measure as a rider to discourage a veto, to become law without his signature.

This breach was apparently healed in 1940, after the death of Key Pittman, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee and President pro tempore of the Senate. Senator HARRISON was elected President pro tempore in his place, and President Roosevelt wrote: "It is not surprising that your colleagues have come to lean heavily on you whenever there is something to be done."

Senator HARRISON was a Wilsonian Democrat and a constant supporter of President Roosevelt's foreign policy. He worked indefatigably for the Hull reciprocal trade agreement program. One of his chief targets during the Republican's control of Congress was their alleged lack of a foreign policy. He supported the Wilsonian plan for American adherence to the League of Nations and, when

that failed, backed various Republican plans for American entry into the World Court.

He was born in Crystal Springs, Miss., on August 29, 1881. His name was BYRON PATTON HARRISON, but he was known throughout his life as PAT HARRISON.

In 1916, after he had been in Congress for 5 years, he explained the abbreviation as follows:

"No one has ever called me Byron Patton since I got the name. As a boy I was known as Pat, and it has followed me into Congress. In a way I'd lose something of my identity if I took up with Byron Patton now—and I think it's a good plan for a man in public life to keep his familiar, popular name."

His father, who had been a Confederate soldier, was so weakened by injuries received in the war that he died when Byron Patton was 4 years old. The Harrison family income was small, and the boy supplemented it by hawking newspapers and driving a bus during his high-school days. The newsboy episode occurred during the Spanish-American War, and young HARRISON learned quickly that newspapers would sell better when they contained stories of big battles. It is asserted by some in Crystal Springs that he annihilated more Spaniards than there were in Spain to promote his paper sales.

A lanky, wiry youngster, he was an excellent baseball player. After he had finished at high school, he started at Mississippi State University, but his prowess as a pitcher earned him an invitation to Louisiana State University, and he attended there for several terms, playing semipro ball in the summer. This fondness for baseball remained with him throughout his life, and it was not unusual for him to slip out of the Senate on a warm afternoon when a good contest appeared on tap at the Washington ball park.

A report was current in 1935 that he might become the head of organized baseball. Denying an offer had been made, HARRISON commented:

"I've been in politics so long, I would be like a fish out of water away from it."

He began the practice of law in Leakesville, Miss., in 1902, and soon took a part in politics. He was elected district attorney in 1905 and again in 1907, resigning in 1910 to go to the House of Representatives. He remained in the House through 1919. In 1918 he engaged in a primary contest with Senator James K. Vardaman for the latter's seat in the Senate. They still talk in Mississippi about the campaign. Senator Vardaman was opposed to President Wilson. Senator HARRISON favored the war President,

and he won, taking the chair once occupied by Jefferson, president of the Confederacy.

As a Senator his tongue was sharp, but very often the targets of his attacks remained his good friends, despite his oratorical outbursts. Once he said some kind words regarding President Harding's father, and the latter wrote in a note of appreciation: "In your capacity as chief troublemaker of the Senate you have said things which caused me to lay my newspaper down and turn to a fresh pipe of tobacco for consolation. This very generous and considerate article has antidoted all the things which have gone before."

Mr. President, PAT HARRISON was an unusual man. I entertained a very strong affection for him. He easily won the respect and confidence of those with whom he associated. When our great leader, Senator Joseph T. Robinson, died, I believed that PAT HARRISON possessed in eminent degree the qualifications essential to a highly successful majority leader. I had full confidence in and sincere regard for Senator ALBEN BARKLEY, a feeling which has grown stronger as the years have passed. Yet I cast my vote for the election of PAT HARRISON as majority leader. That was a real test of the admiration and esteem which I held for him.

I have never ceased to miss his smiling presence, his loyal friendship, and his helpful advice. He was truly a wise man.

Address by Senator Connally

Of Texas

Mr. PRESIDENT: The splendid tributes which have already been paid to our great friend and co-worker, the late senior Senator from Mississippi, PAT HARRISON, meet with my full approval, of course, and I shall consume but a moment of the Senate's time in adding my personal encomium to his memory.

When I came to the House of Representatives in 1917 I had the pleasure of serving on the same committee with PAT HARRISON, the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House, until he came to the Senate. In the Senate I served with him on both the Committee on Foreign Relations and the Committee on Finance. He was a useful and outstanding member of both those committees, and contributed mightily to their labors on the problem before them.

Senator HARRISON was a brilliant man. In addition to the sterling qualities which have been recited by his colleagues, he was a man of rare talents in the forum. When his party was in the minority there was no more skillful debater upon this floor in attack. He was a great strategist. He possessed rare powers of conciliation among his own forces, bringing about their unification in attack against the opposition.

I had the pleasure of knowing PAT HARRISON rather intimately, personally as well as in an official capacity, and I entertained for him very real affection. To me his passing carried with it a great personal loss.

We cannot tear aside the veil of the future and look into the things which lie beyond mortality, but wherever that place is which may be reserved for the gallant and the good, for the loyal and the devoted, for the able and brilliant public servant, there now abides the spirit of PAT HARRISON.

Address by Senator Byrd

Of Virginia

Mr. PRESIDENT: With deep and abiding sadness, I join in this memorial tribute to PAT HARRISON, one of the best friends I ever had. His services to his Nation and State were so valuable, his life was so useful, his talents so many, and his personal charm so overwhelming that it is difficult to become reconciled to the absence of PAT HARRISON from among us. How many of us find ourselves subconsciously wondering when he will appear through the doors of this Chamber—his workshop, where he labored to such constructive ends for so long? Can it be that he has been away nearly a year?

I first saw PAT HARRISON, Mr. President, when he was the temporary chairman and keynoter of the Democratic National Convention in New York in 1924. I never saw a more forceful personality on the rostrum. His great speech on the day when he opened that convention will take its place among the very finest Democratic utterances.

When I came to the Senate as a new Member I was deeply moved by his kindness and unfailing courtesy to me, but this was characteristic of his attitude toward all newcomers to this body.

I was closely associated with him as a Member of the Senate Finance Committee, and there had an opportunity to observe intimately his great ability and the patriotic performance of the many difficult tasks confronting him as chairman of that great committee. He was an expert on all matters of taxation and fiscal policy.

I am one of those who sought and respected his counsel. I am proud to have been among the legion of his friends who loved him and who will never cease to mourn his absence. I shall always feel keenly my obligation to him for his kindness, for his understanding, sympathetic, and logical counsel.

More than anyone I have ever known, he had a way of arriving at reasonable conclusions and solutions.

Enhancing his other enviable characteristics, it seems to me the most endearing of all was the simplicity of BYRON PATTON HARRISON, of Mississippi, who was always known as just plain Pat.

I admired him as a statesman, but in doing so I always had the feeling there was something more than statecraft. Likewise, there was something more than eloquence in his debating on this floor. As a legislator he was superior, but in that superiority there was a warmth that drew you very close to him.

PAT HARRISON had few enemies, for, no matter how sharp were the prongs of his wit, his friendly manner, his keen intellect, and his uncompromising loyalty made association with him something to be desired. These were the attributes which drew men to him, great and small. Perhaps no man in recent times was leaned upon more heavily—even until the last day he was upon this floor—than PAT HARRISON. His eye was never dim, nor was his natural force ever abated.

It is no exaggeration to say, Mr. President, that no Member of the United States Senate was held in higher regard or looked upon with more deference than was he—liberal, indeed, in his views upon the rights of his fellow man; conservative, indeed, in his views and action in matters of public finance.

Such was his logic, seasoned by 30 years in Congress, spent for the greater good of his Nation. As a basis for that logic was a boyhood spent in hard work for the support of a widowed mother. His father had been a veteran of the War between the States. As he worked for the assistance of his family he attended the public schools and later paid his way at college. He taught school and studied law in the evenings.

Then he came to Congress entering the House of Representatives after his election in 1910. In the House of Representatives his voice was heard with growing respect, and at

the time of the First World War he had come to be regarded as one of President Wilson's most trusted spokesmen and advisers.

By the time he began his career in the Senate at the end of the last war, the world knew PAT HARRISON as a man of no words without knowledge. He taught his opponents and his friends alike the force of right words spoken at the right time.

How sad it is that he is not with us now, that all might have in this day of great crisis the benefit of his long experience, of his brilliant intellect, of his force in conflict, of his mildness of manner, so conducive to the best in tranquillity.

We miss hi mso deeply. We take consolation only in the knowledge that for him conflicting opinions and partisan passions and world strife cannot live in the presence of death and character, for death teaches unity and tolerance and peace. Like the men who today are dying on so many battlefields, our colleague was a man of character and high patriotic purpose who died in the service of his country.

He was a cavalier, impetuous, passionate in any cause in which he enlisted; gallant, bold, and dashing in supporting those things he championed. To me he was the embodiment of the true meaning of the expression, "a southern gentleman"—courteous, courageous, honorable, and upright.

Mr. President, "He has written his virtues and memory on the rocks and his faults have we written in the sands."

Address by Senator Pepper

Of Florida

Mr. PRESIDENT: I was one of the army which loved PAT HARRISON. Before I came to the Senate I was privileged to be the law partner of a gentleman who was PAT HARRISON'S first secretary in the House of Representatives, and so the PAT HARRISON tradition came to be very real to me before I came to know the man himself. Mr. Waller, the gentleman to whom I referred, a Mississippian, was privileged to have Senator HARRISON visit in his home as the Senator would go to and from the capital and his residence. There I first came within the range of the warmth of his friendship and the mellowness and the strength of his character.

When I came to Washington as a Senator he was the first man upon whom I called, the first one to take my hand in helpfulness to try to assist in guiding my footsteps toward a useful course. He spoke, I am sure, to Senator Robinson, then our incomparable leader, about the committee assignments to which I aspired. Although I did not always subscribe to the views which Senator HARRISON so eloquently and ably expressed, I never failed to go to him for counsel; I never differed from him without regret.

I believe there is nothing I can say which would so adequately express the affection and the esteem which I hold for him than the words which I have before me, which were written of him by a citizen of his own State immediately after his death. Those words appeared in an editorial published in the Jackson Daily News, of Jackson, Miss., of Monday, June 23, 1941, under the title "PAT HARRISON." They are from the eloquent and devoted pen of its editor, Frederick J. Sullens. They were written while a State and a Nation mourned his loss. They speak works of eloquence worthy

of his illustrious name. I read the following excerpts therefrom:

PAT HARRISON is dead.

Mississippi's greatest statesman of his generation is no more.

"Our Pat" has passed into the Great Beyond.

Peerless Pat, prince of gentlemen, patriot of patriots, peer of any party leader, America's most ardent champion of the principles of democracy, best beloved Member of the world's greatest deliberative body, has answered the last roll call.

Mute are the lips from which poured a golden flow of eloquence that charmed millions with its magic.

Silent is the tongue ever ready with a witchery of words that swayed multitudes with masterful logic and perfect reasoning.

Closed forever are those brilliant brown eyes, windows of a brave and dauntless soul; eyes that flashed so much force and meaning to the words his lips uttered—eyes always unafraid; eyes clear as the heavens; eyes that spoke the truth in the spirit of truth; eyes that could look any human being in the face without flinching; eyes so eloquent of expression that they could flood the hearts of friends with tender love or hurl defiance and bring fear to the minds of those who opposed any righteous cause for which he fought or any high purpose he sought to accomplish.

Cold and still in death are those hands that admiring multitudes clamored eagerly to clasp; hands that were always warm and friendly; hands ever ready to help a friend; hands willing to meet more than halfway any personal or political enemy; hands that labored long hours throughout all the days of his life; hands that were useful, faithful, energetic, ever seeking some worthy thing to do; hands that never felt the touch of a dirty dollar; hands that never performed a dishonest act; hands that he kept clean and stainless when always about their owner was ample opportunity to fill them with ill-gotten gains.

Forever stilled is that most priceless of all human possessions, a marvelous mind richly stored with useful knowledge; a brain that functioned with perfect precision, trained to quick and accurate thinking when in action; a brain of such limitless resources that admiring friends were often amazed and opponents confused and confounded by its versatility; a brain that won renown because its possessor never stooped to cheap demagogy, tawdry claptrap, or lurid sensationalism in order to attract attention; a brain that always thought and acted with courageous independence and of such superior strength that men instinctively recognized him as a leader worth following; a brain too sincere to be prostituted to any sort

of servility that was repugnant to his own rugged honesty or integrity of purpose.

PAT HARRISON is dead.

In a few short hours that beloved face and towering form so familiar in every nook and corner of the Nation will be lost to the sight of man forever.

"Our Pat" has gone the way of all flesh.

The frets and worries, perplexing problems, and mighty questions of a world in turmoil concern him no more.

For him all the tumult and the shouting, all the strife and the contending, all the bitter battling and strenuous struggling among men of many minds is finished forever.

"Our Pat" has fallen in the midst of action.

Peerless Pat, whose white plume like that of Henry of Navarre was always proudly flaunted in front-line fighting, no longer leads in battle.

Princely Pat, who always fought with a gallant smile on his face and a rose on his rapier, who was never happier than when urging the forces of democracy to go onward, ever onward, to glorious triumph, will henceforth live only in the saddened memories of those who loved him.

PAT HARRISON has gone to join the immortals.

Address by Senator Brown

Of Michigan

Mr. PRESIDENT: To me, PAT HARRISON was the ideal Senator. From the time I first heard him as chairman of the Democratic National Convention of 1924 in New York to the sad June evening I last saw him in his home when the light of day was passing he has been in the forefront of my list of great contemporary Americans.

With the passing of the weeks and months, now nearing a year, our grief softens and we have a feeling akin to gratification that there was such a man as PAT HARRISON and that we were privileged to know him here in the United States Senate. I would recall a bit of his life as it was.

Senator HARRISON was the perfect committee chairman. He heard all that should be heard, but not more. How many hours of time he saved his committee by his adroit "Thank you, Mr. Smith," interposed in an unwary pause made by a wearisome witness will never be known. His benign smile made it impossble for even the most obstreperous to continue. In bringing about agreement among the rather high-powered group who make up that committee he was superb. Somehow he could harness the Kings, Georges, Walshes, Connallys, Baileys, Clarks, Byrds, Vandenbergs, and La Follettes and make them march all one way. He could listen with patient and apparent agreement to the most potent arguments against his position, delay a bit, perhaps joke a little, and then ignore it all, and, with that bland smile, disarm opposition and come out of the discussion with the necessary votes. Friendliness characterized his conduct of a hearing; but woe to the unfair witness, whom he would either subdue by studied and purposeful inattention or silence by a deserved shaft of wit.

On the Senate floor he was first the voice of his beloved native Mississippi; then he became the principal spokesman of his fair Southland. In his later years when his party took the reins of Government, he was the eloquent voice of the average American.

He knew the plight and the needs of the underprivileged. He was aware of the excesses of wealth built up unbridled by law. He knew middle-class America. He was never identified as a "bloc" Senator. He knew the interrelationship of all, and he charted his own course, which was the middle road, between the extremes of opinion. He recognized the necessity for the upbuilding of the mighty enterprises of the great cities, although he came from a State that had none. He knew the need for the labor of the humble plowmen in the quiet places, whose joint contribution to the common cause equals that of any others. The adjustment of their relationships and of all others in the economic life of the Nation was his great task. Undoubtedly at various times, in the common good, he disagreed with all, as every conscientious man will. He never posed as the champion of any one group. He was the solid, substantial, sensible, plain American.

I know a personal word will be pardoned. Senator HARRISON placed unusual responsibilities on the Senator from Michigan. Those responsibilities were opportunities. He was more than kind to me. Never volunteering advice, he was ever ready to give it when asked, and he was often asked. I may remain here but a few months; I may stay for years, but I know that I shall not see his like again. To me he was the greatest Senator of our time.

Address by Senator Clark

Of Missouri

Mr. PRESIDENT: When we express today the respect and devotion which we all entertain for one of our best, bravest, and most distinguished colleagues, when we express the deep sense of personal loss which was occasioned by his departure, we also know that more important even than the pain caused to his devoted family and to his dearest friends is the irreplaceable loss to the interests of the Nation at this time of stress and emergency in the death of this devoted public servant.

Mr. President, at the time of Senator PAT HARRISON'S death in 1941 it had been my privilege to enjoy a close, intimate, and confidential personal friendship with him for a few months more than 30 years, a relationship which I will always treasure in my memory as one of the finest experiences in my life.

I first met PAT HARRISON on the day he arrived in Washington to take his seat as a freshman Representative, the youngest member of that distinguished body, at the beginning of the Sixty-second Congress. That was a momentous Congress in American history, particularly to those who adhere to the faith of the Democratic Party. The great battle of 1910, which was the prelude to the battle of 1912, resulting in two Wilson administrations, had been fought. After 16 years of wandering in the wilderness of defeat, the great party of Jefferson and Jackson was returned to power and was about to enter upon its great record, which, for beneficial, constructive legislation in the next 10 years, has, in my view, never been excelled in our entire history.

It was under such circumstances that PAT HARRISON, the young Representative from Mississippi, made his entrance upon the scene of national affairs. My father was about to be elected Speaker of the House. That splendid statesman

and gentleman, Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, with whom Senator HARRISON was to be so intimately associated, both in the House and in the Senate, was about to be elected majority leader. That brilliant debater and magnetic leader, Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, was their trusted first lieutenant. The Republican forces in the House were ably led by the gifted parliamentarian James R. Mann, of Illinois, supported by the former Speaker, the famous "Uncle Joe" Cannon, also of Illinois.

If the young Representative could have read the future, he would have seen that there were others in that body at that time who were destined to be intimately associated with him in future years.

There was John N. Garner, of Texas, beginning his fifth term, already moving rapidly along the career of power and service which was to make him one of the outstanding figures in American history.

There was Cordell Hull, destined to be a Senator and one of the greatest of all our Secretaries of State, already recognized as one of the ablest Members of the House and one of the most potent forces on the great Committee on Ways and Means.

There was Carter Glass, now the revered President pro tempore of this body, who for several years had been a most respected, but almost uniformly silent, Member of the House, but who, a scant 2 years in the future, was suddenly to launch himself, by his unforgettable championship of the Federal Reserve Act, on the career which has made so indelible and splendid an impress upon the history of his country.

There sat George Norris, the beloved Nestor of this body at the present time, just concluding his fine career in the House and about to be "translated," as my father used to say, to this august Chamber.

Then there was the "young lion of Arkansas," destined to become the "old lion of Arkansas," the thunder of whose eloquence still reverberates in this chamber, Joseph T. Robin-

son. With him the young HARRISON immediately formed a devoted friendship which was to be ended only by the untimely death of Senator Robinson. As one who was intimately familiar with both of them I have often heard them speak of each other, and I know that in their affection for each other there was never any deviation or shadow of turning. When HARRISON entered the House in 1911, Robinson was already a candidate for the Governorship of his State, to which he was elected; but following the sudden death of Senator Davis he was immediately elected to the Senate and thus preceded Senator HARRISON into this body by 6 years.

There were other in those first years of Senator HARRISON'S congressional experience who were later to become his intimate friends and associates, of whom I can mention only a few.

In that freshman class of 1911 was a young Representative from South Carolina by the name of James F. Byrnes—now Mr. Justice Byrnes of the Supreme Court of the United States, but still known to all of us in the Senate affectionately, if perhaps irreverently, as "Jimmy." Those two young men seemed to complement each other, a quality and relationship which they maintained until the death of Senator HARRISON. I have seen them work together in both the House and the Senate, and I can testify to my belief that there was never in either body a more effective legislative team than PAT HARRISON and Jimmy Byrnes.

In that great class of 1911 was Carl Hayden, whom we who sit here have all long regarded as the ne plus ultra of legislative efficiency.

Kenneth McKellar, so long and intimately associated with PAT HARRISON in both the House and Senate, entered the House in November of 1911, following Pat's entry in March.

Alben Barkley, so long associated with him as ally, once a rival but always a friend, with great credit to both of them, was to succeed the brilliant orator, Ollie James, 2 years later.

Mr. President, I wish that I might have the felicity of

expression and description which he himself possessed to such a very greatly marked degree, so that I might be able to describe the PAT HARRISON whom I learned to know and love in 1911. Of course, it was natural that I should be attracted to him. He was only 29, 4 years over the minimum constitutional age requirement for membership in the House. I myself was barely 21, and just a few months before, in the election of 1910, had been denied the right to vote because I lacked just 2 months of being 21 years of age. It was natural that I should be very much entranced and attracted by PAT HARRISON'S remarkable personality; but I soon observed that Pat's ability and attractiveness had commended him to others far older and wiser than I.

When PAT HARRISON came into the House and advanced to the bar to be sworn in, he entered under the handicap of being the "baby of the House," a term of affection which has unaccountably—and, I am certain, without intention on the part of anyone—served to ruin the careers of several brilliant young men who held that title. Not so with PAT HARRISON.

A moment ago I said that I should like to be able to describe him as he was; that I should like to possess his own power of expression, so that I might describe him as I remember him at that time. I cannot hope to do that; but I can say that he was tall and broad, as straight as an arrow, but, withal, exceedingly graceful, with his handsome face carrying the look of an eagle, with his dark hair, then untinged with gray, with his dark eyes flashing fire as he spoke, or quietly twinkling as he settled into a humorous mood, but always with that wonderfully winsome smile which he retained until his death. The last time I saw him, when he was sick unto death and we were talking about his illness, he still retained that old humorous quirk about his mouth. No one who knew him will ever forget that expression.

Mr. President, looking back, it now seems remarkable to me—although it did not seem so then—that as the youngest newcomer in that great House, in which there were so many

able veterans who had fought their way up through years of discouraging minority service, and who were inclined to look askance at newcomers, particularly new Members from the Southern States, which had been regularly contributing minority Members but which were not supplying the extra numbers required to make the majority, PAT HARRISON should win immediate recognition and encouragement and set his feet upon the path to leadership. He entered, modestly but brilliantly, upon the debates of the House. He very early showed the suavity, the wit, and the penetration in debate which later so much distinguished his career in the Senate. In the meantime, he was exercising that God-given capacity for making friends and tying them to him with hooks of steel, which was one of his greatest qualities. Few men, of whom I have ever heard excelled him in this capacity. By the beginning of his second term he was definitely marked for leadership. In the remainder of his 8 years' service in the House he consistently developed. I have never had any doubt that if he had remained in the House he would ultimately have been majority leader or Speaker.

He decided, however, to take a shorter cut; and in what seemed to be a suicidal campaign he abandoned his seat in the House and opposed and defeated Senator James K. Vardaman, one of the finest and most patriotic of that long and honorable line of statesmen who have represented Mississippi in the Senate.

He came to the Senate in those trying days immediately after the conclusion of the first World War, and almost immediately came to high rank in this body. Early in his senatorial career he won membership upon the great Committee on Finance, of which he was later to be for so long the distinguished chairman. He applied himself diligently to the great problems of taxation and revenue which so largely compose the jurisdiction of that committee. He was an able and diligent member of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and became deeply versed in the intricacies of our interna-

tional affairs. He developed a talent for debate, of which he had already shown so much promise in the House, and was soon recognized as one of the outstanding spokesmen for his party in the Senate and before the country. Few minority members in the history of the Senate have more brilliant records than he in the long years in which he served in the minority—sometimes in a pitifully small minority. His scintillating irony, his devastating but good-natured criticism of the administration and the opposition, his resourceful skill in parliamentary procedure, firmly established him in an enviable place in the annals of this body.

At the same time his extremely attractive personality endeared him to all of his colleagues. Caustic and effective as he could be when he so desired, he never intentionally wounded the feelings of any person, and no one was ever personally offended or angered by his witty retorts. Perhaps the high lights of this senatorial debating career were in his memorable and repeated attacks upon the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill which made legislative history and contributed so much to the result of the election of 1932.

With the advent of his party into power in 1933, Senator HARRISON became chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance and one of the undisputed leaders of the Democratic Party in this body and in the country. No committee ever had a more devoted and self-sacrificing chairman than was he, and no chairman was ever more beloved by the members of his committee than was Senator HARRISON. To the arduous and exacting labors which he devoted, over a period of over 8 years, to the great tax and social-security measures which came before his committee, his untimely death may be directly traced. He was unswerving in his devotion to duty. I know that when it became apparent to all who knew him well that he was in a desperately failing state of health his family and his friends begged him to suspend his work and go away to take treatment and rest. He steadfastly refused to do so until he felt that the work for which he had assumed

some responsibility had been completed. He told me that he realized that he was sick but that he felt that he could not leave his post in the Senate until the passage of certain legislation, to which he had been committed, had been completed; and he promised me that at that time he would leave to seek treatment and rest. He did so, but it was too late, and we saw him no more in his familiar place upon this floor. We all miss him greatly today, and his country will miss him greatly in the future. As Hamlet said of his father:

> He was a man, take him for all in all,
> We shall not look upon his like again.

Address by Senator McKellar

Of Tennessee

Mr. PRESIDENT: PAT HARRISON was born in Crystal Springs, Miss., August 29, 1881; was educated in the public schools of Crystal Springs and the Louisiana State University; studied law and early became district attorney and served in that capacity for 6 years. He resigned in September 1910 to accept the nomination to the Sixty-second Congress. He served 8 years in Congress, and in 1918 was elected to the United States Senate and continued to be reelected until his death.

In 1905 he married Miss Mary Edwina McInnis, of Leakesville, Miss. They had three children, two daughters and a son.

PAT HARRISON and I served in both the House and in the Senate together, and we were always the most intimate of friends. I recall when I first entered the House in 1911, he was one of the first to welcome me in that body. Not long after I became a Member, I listened to a very remarkable speech he made on the seal industry in Alaskan seas, one of the most captivating speeches I ever listened to. As a rough and tumble debater in the House and Senate he had no superior, and the beauty about his debates was that he never became angry. He was always in a good humor and always able to resist every attack in the most genial way.

His personal popularity in both the House and Senate knew no bounds. He was known as "Pat" to everyone. I doubt if he had an enemy in either body. He was admired and loved by everyone. In a personal way he was irresistible, kindly, gentle, honorable, able, gifted, and whenever he exerted himself he naturally drew men to him.

In politics he knew more about politics than anyone else. If there was danger in a certain position, he naturally sensed

it. If there was victory in a position, he naturally saw it. Some of the ablest and shrewdest men in Mississippi were opposed to him, but their opposition came to naught. He treated those who differed with him with the greatest respect, and to his firiends he was devoted.

He was on the Finance Committee all during his service in the Senate, and no one on that great committee was more powerful than he. Even before he was chairman his influence on the committee could hardly be overestimated. As chairman, he handled its affairs with the greatest skill and dexterity and with the greatest success.

Pat Harrison's popularity was not confined to Mississippi or Washington, but he was popular in every State in the Union. He had friends in every State. He made speeches in practically all States, and wherever he made a speech he naturally made friends and what a gracious, delightful speaker he was. Eloquence flowed out of his mouth. His facial expression, the glance of his eyes, the shrug of his shoulders, the gesture of his hands—all were eloquent. If ever a more pleasant or more gracious or more eloquent man served in the Senate in my time, I do not recall him.

His family life was beautiful and delightful. His lovely wife, his two charming daughters—both since married—his splendid son, all adored him and he adored them. His son is much like him, and I could pay his son no greater compliment.

Pat Harrison was a great Senator, a warm-hearted and generous friend, and he had a marvelous personality that exuded good nature, kindness, gentleness, and lovableness. His like will not soon be seen among us again.

Address by Senator Davis

Of Pennsylvania

Mr. PRESIDENT: I am glad to have an opportunity to express heartfelt appreciation of Hon. PAT HARRISON, of Mississippi, with whom I was intimately acquainted since the fall of 1921. All during his days in the House of Representatives I was associated with him on matters relating to immigration, of which he had much knowledge. And, in connection with economic problems, I found him a man of deep understanding and extensive knowledge. During our days together in the Senate, we served as members of the Senate Finance Committee, of which he was chairman. I have profound respect for his memory. I entertain the highest regard for his integrity and his forward-looking statesmanship.

Address by Senator Doxey

Of Mississippi

Mr. PRESIDENT: This day, Monday, May 25, 1942, has been officially designated by the Senate of the United States as Memorial Day to commemorate the memory of our colleagues who have within the last year passed from our midst into the Great Beyond.

With a heart that is saddened, I pay my tribute of admiration and love to the memory of your friend and my friend, a noble Mississippian and a great American, an outstanding statesman, a man among men—BYRON PATTON HARRISON. He was a true exemplification of American spirit, life, and character.

PAT HARRISON ran the gamut of human experience. He came up the hard way. He richly deserved all the honors that were bestowed upon him. Divine Providence was good to him and blessed him with the full measure of happiness in his public and private life. His gentle nature found and shared life's true happiness with his wife, his children, and his friends.

His devoted family and his social relations were sources of delight and comfort to him throughout his most eventful career. His achievements would not have been possible without the inspiration, understanding, and help of his faithful and loving wife.

His was a rare spirit—brilliant, forgiving, loyal, kindly, courageous, confident, and considerate. The life, character, and achievements of PAT HARRISON will remain always an inspiration to all who knew him, to all who were associated with him, and to all who come after him. As I stand here there come surging through my mind and heart thoughts and memories tender and sacred because I knew him; I was

associated with him; I come after him; and I love, revere, and respect his name and memory.

Often have I said, and deeply and sincerely do I feel that no one can fill the place of PAT HARRISON, but someone has to take it as Mississippi's United States Senator. As his successor in office, God helping me, I am doing the best I can to live up to the high standards set by him.

There may be a popular notion that Members of Congress have a life of ease, but that, of course, is not true; the fact is that, take them as a whole, they work longer hours and more intensely than any other class of men of whom I know. No doubt the long hours and hard work he devoted to the duties of the office hastened his untimely death; but Senator HARRISON is dead only so far as the mortal flesh is concerned. While we shall not again recognize the active presence of our departed friend, yet he still lives in the record of his service to his fellow men, to his State, and to his Nation. He loved his Nation, and his Nation loved him.

Death came to him while he was still in the service of his country, while the affairs of Government were still in his grasp. He served his purpose in the divine plan. He passed across the stage of life, and the world is richer for his having done so. He left the greatest and most precious of all legacies—an honored name and an array of good deeds well done. He lives in the memories and thoughts of his friends, and lives enshrined in the hearts of those who loved him. He loved people; people loved him. No man ever tried to serve his people better, and I think few men succeeded so well.

It is difficult through the poor medium of mere words to express the high esteem and affectionate regard that his constituents as well as his colleagues entertained for him.

On the morning of June 22, 1941, when the news was flashed that PAT HARRISON was dead, the entire country mourned, the entire Nation suffered an irreparable loss.

The presence of many thousands of people at his funeral at Gulfport, Miss., and the attendance there of the Vice President of the United States and large delegations from both the House and the Senate, and many other distinguished personages, constituted a tribute that comes to only men great in soul, mind, and deeds.

I shall not attempt to pronounce a long eulogy, as no human words can adequately portray PAT HARRISON. His life is a perpetual eulogy.

He was born at Crystal Springs, Miss., August 29, 1881. He attended the public schools of Crystal Springs and finished his formal education at the Louisiana State University. He was married in January 1905 to Miss Mary Edwina McInnis, of Leakesville, Miss., and they had three children. Mrs. Harrison, the two daughters, Catherine and Mary Ann, and one son, Pat Harrison, Jr., survive.

PAT HARRISON was elected district attorney of the second judicial district of Mississippi and served in that capacity for 6 years, resigning in September 1910 to accept the nomination to the Sixty-second Congress; he was elected to the House in the Sixty-second, Sixty-third, Sixty-fourth, and Sixty-fifth Congresses; in 1918 he was elected to the United States Senate, and served with distinction continously in this greatest of all deliberative bodies until his untimely death.

History will record him as one of the most distinguished and able men that Mississippi has ever sent to Congress. He held high rank in the councils of the Democratic Party and for many years was one of its potent and influential leaders. He fought the battles of his party in foul weather as well as in fair all during his public career. He was strictly a party man, true and tried, but he was loved and respected by all, even by those who differed with him on political matters.

He was a distinguished parliamentarian, and was universally conceded to be one of the ablest debaters on the floor of the Senate. His ready wit and biting sarcasm were held in

due respect by all who opposed him. He was ever ready to give and take. He was a true disciple of the Jeffersonian principles of democracy. He loved the right and spurned the wrong. He cooperated, but did not blindly follow.

His philosophic turn of mind helped him to overlook the faults of others, but he could evaluate and magnify and appreciate profoundly the good traits of friend and foe alike.

Pat Harrison possessed a brilliant intellect, and had one of the most remarkable memories of any man I ever knew. His character was as strong and as enduring as the seasoned oak, but he was not of the cold, reserved temperament. He always had a ready smile and a warm handclasp for one and all—the high, the low, the rich, and the poor. He was a tender and devoted husband and an exceedingly affectionate and indulgent father. He was intensely loyal to his God and his church, to his family and his friends, to his State and his Nation.

Such a man was my illustrious predecessor. I knew him intimately and loved him much. He was not only a great Mississippian, and a nationally known leader and statesman; he was also truly a great man and left his footprints indelibly on the sands of time.

Our friend has gone from our midst, but we find much comfort in the words of the poet Longfellow:

> There is no death: What seems so is transition;
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
> Whose Portal, we call death.

Believing in eternal life, I feel that our beloved friends in whose memory we have gathered here today, have simply gone on to a higher and broader experience.

Recently I read an article that has helped me much in thinking of loved ones who have passed on, and I should like to share it with my colleagues.

It told of a beautiful young woman who sat on the deck of an ocean liner idly watching the sea gulls that played about the mast of the ship. Her heart was heavy with the deep tragedy of the passing of a loved one, but she was earnestly trying to be brave and endeavoring to grasp the tender loving assurances regarding life and immortality that had been taught her in the church she attended. Suddenly she noticed that one sea gull had left the others, and with wings widespread was climbing higher and ever higher until it had separated itself entirely from those around the ship's mast and was apparently taking a course away from the ship. On and on it flew, rising higher and yet higher, steadily and surely, until it became a mere speck in the sky, and then still higher and higher until finally it was lost sight of altogether by her. But the silent watcher knew that the sea gull had not ceased to exist simply because it had gone beyond her limited human vision. She knew it was still identified with life and strength and was continuing even though no longer seen by her mortal eyes. Then, thinking of her loved one in the same way, her anguished soul was comforted and into her being there flowed an indescribable peace that passeth all understanding, and again the words of the Prophet Isaiah were fulfilled:

> He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, * * *
> To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion,
> To give unto them beauty for ashes,
> The oil of joy for mourning,
> The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

And the spirit of heaviness was lifted, as the young woman was able to realize that though her loved one had passed beyond her mortal vision, he was still going on and on, sustained throughout all eternity by his immortal Maker.

And so I feel it is with our departed colleagues in whose memory we are gathered here today.

Such souls as PAT HARRISON live forever.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution offered by the senior Senator from Mississippi [Mr. Bilbo.]

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. In accordance with the provisions of the resolutions heretofore unanimously agreed to, the Senate will stand adjourned.

Thereupon the Senate (at 4 o'clock and 14 minutes p. m.) adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, May 26, 1942, at 12 o'clock noon.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

MONDAY, *June 23, 1941.*

The Chaplain, Rev. ZeBarney T. Phillips, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Loving Father, tender Shepherd of the souls of men, who slumberest not nor sleepest, who art often nearest when we feel Thou has forsaken us: At this solemn moment, as we lift up our hearts, so heavy with the burdens of today, yet knowing not what the morrow may bring forth, we beseech Thee to remove the clouds that veil our sight, that we may discern some gleams of purpose working behind this tangled human world, to the quieting of the strange and throbbing yearnings of our souls.

Again the silent messenger has come and has taken from us one we felt could not be spared at this fateful hour of our country's destiny; and yet Thou knowest best. We thank Thee for his great and noble soul, the fineness of his character, the loyalty and devotion to his every duty, the tenderness of his affection, and the transfiguring quality of chivalry which graced his high and holy sense of manhood.

Do Thou comfort now and through the days that lie ahead the beloved companion of his life, the children who rise up to call him blessed, and all others who are near and dear.

And as we stand here in this National Shrine, where he hath wrought so nobly, may some portion of his spirit fall upon us, for we know that his life has not set in a night of pain and gloom, but amid the splendors of Thine everlasting day. We ask it all in the name and for the sake of Him who hath brought life and immortality to light, Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord. Amen.

Mr. BILBO. Mr. President, it becomes my very sad and painful duty to announce to the Senate the death of my

distinguished colleague the senior Senator from Mississippi, Hon. PAT HARRISON. I offer the resolution which I send to the desk and ask for its immediate consideration.

The resolution (S. Res. 131) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. PAT HARRISON, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi and President pro tempore of the Senate.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed by the Vice President to attend the funeral of the deceased Senator, and that the Vice President be, and he is hereby, designated as a member of the committee.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The VICE PRESIDENT subsequently, under the second resolving clause, appointed the following Senators to constitute, together with the Vice President, the committee on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral of the deceased Senator and President pro tempore of the Senate: Mr. Bilbo, Mr. Bone, Mr. Brown, Mr. Bunker, Mr. Byrnes, Mrs. Caraway, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Chavez, Mr. Clark of Missouri, Mr. Connally, Mr. Davis, Mr. Ellender, Mr. George, Mr. Green, Mr. Guffey, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Hatch, Mr. Herring, Mr. Hill, Mr. La Follette, Mr. Maloney, Mr. McFarland, Mr. McNary, Mr. Murdock, Mr. O'Mahoney, Mr. Pepper, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Russell, Mr. Thomas of Utah, Mr. Truman, Mr. Tunnell, Mr. Vandenberg, and Mr. Wiley.

Mr. BILBO. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of our deceased colleague, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned, the adjournment being, under the order previously entered, until Thursday, June 26, 1941, at 12 o'clock meridian.

THURSDAY, *June 26, 1941.*

Under authority of the order of the 23d instant, the following message from the House was received by the Secretary of the Senate: Resolutions of the House adopted as a tribute to the memory of Hon. PAT HARRISON, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi.

The message informed the Senate that, pursuant to resolution of the House, the Speaker had appointed Mr. Rankin of Mississippi, Mr. Whittington, Mr. Doxie, Mr. Collins, Mr. Colmer, Mr. Ford of Mississippi, Mr. McGehee, Mr. Sabath, Mr. Doughton, Mr. Treadway, Mr. Sumners of Texas, Mr. Knutson, Mr. Crowther, Mr. Reed of New York, Mr. Steagall, Mr. Bland, Mr. Lea, Mr. Cullen, Mr. Crosser, and Mr. Cooper members of the committee on the part of the House to attend the funeral of the deceased Senator.

The Secretary laid before the Senate the following telegram, which was ordered to lie on the table:

MEMPHIS, TENN., *June 22, 1941.*

Mr. WALLACE,

The President of the Senate:

Our heartfelt sympathy to the relatives and friends of Mr. PAT HARRISON.

SWIFT JEWEL COW BOYS.

WEDNESDAY, *July 30, 1941.*

The Vice President laid before the Senate a letter from the Acting Chief of the Division of Protocol, Department of State, transmitting copies of notes received from the Ambassador of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the Minister of Latvia at Washington, extending condolences on the death of the late President pro tempore of the Senate and Senator from Mississippi, Hon. PAT HARRISON, together with copies of the Department's replies thereto, which, with the accompanying papers, was ordered to lie on the table.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, July 29, 1941.

Col. EDWIN A. HALSEY,
Secretary of the Senate,
Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR COLONEL HALSEY: I am enclosing copies of notes received from the Ambassador of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the Minister of Latvia at Washington, extending condolences on the death of the late Senator from Mississippi and President pro tempore of the Senate, the Honorable PAT HARRISON, together with copies of the Department's replies thereto.

Copies of these communications have also been sent to Mrs. Harrison.

Sincerely yours,

STANLEY WOODWARD,
Acting Chief, Division of Protocol.

Enclosures: Copies of notes.

EMBASSY OF THE UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS,
Washington, D. C., June 24, 1941.

The Honorable CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State,
Washington.

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY: Please accept my sincere condolences on the death of Senator PAT HARRISON, late Senator from Mississippi. His passing will be a great loss to the country which he served so many years.

I should appreciate your conveying the expression of my sympathy to Senator Harrison's family and to the United States Senate.

I am, my dear Mr. Secretary,

Sincerely yours,

C. OUMANSKY.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, June 30, 1941.

His Excellency CONSTANTINE A. OUMANSKY,
Ambassador of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

MY DEAR MR. AMBASSADOR: I have received with sincere appreciation your thoughtful note of June 24, extending condolences on the recent death of the Honorable PAT HARRISON, late Senator from Mississippi.

In accordance with your request, your expression of sympathy will be forwarded to Senator Harrison's family and to the United States Senate.

Sincerely yours,

SUMNER WELLES,
Acting Secretary.

LATVIAN LEGATION,
Washington, D. C., June 23, 1941.

The Honorable CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C.

SIR: Please accept the expressions of my deepest personal sorrow and profoundest sympathies for the loss sustained by the United States of America in the unexpected death of the great statesman, Honorable PAT HARRISON, President pro tempore of the Senate.

Accept, sir, the renewed assurances of my distinguished consideration.

Dr. ALFRED BILMANIS,
Latvian Minister.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, June 30, 1941.

The Honorable Dr. ALFRED BILMANIS,
Minister of Latvia.

SIR: I have received with sincere appreciation your note of June 23 expressing your deep personal sorrow and profound sympathy for the loss sustained by this country in the recent death of the Honorable PAT HARRISON, late Senator from Mississippi and President pro tempore of the Senate.

Accept, sir, the renewed assurances of my highest consideration.

SUMNER WELLES,
Acting Secretary of State.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

THURSDAY, *May 14, 1942.*

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, I send to the desk a resolution, and I ask that it be read. I ask unanimous consent that it be immediately considered.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolution will be read.

The Chief Clerk read the resolution (S. Res. 250), as follows:

Resolved, That on Monday, May 25, 1942, at the conclusion of the morning business, the legislative business of the Senate be suspended for the purpose of permitting the delivery of memorial addresses on the life, character, and public service of the late Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi; Andrew Jackson Houston, of Texas; Alva M. Lumpkin, of South Carolina; and Alva B. Adams, of Colorado, respectively.

There being no objection, the resolution was considered and agreed to.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, *June 23, 1941.*

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Heavenly Father, speak to us in the silence of these moments; open Thy heart in loving response to those who seek Thee. Time and space are nothing; Thou alone art life; so we believe, we aspire, and we pray. We need Thee for our weakness and weariness, for our pains and perils, for out tempests and our tears. Grant that we may ever strive earnestly to do Thy will as revealed in Jesus Christ our Lord.

For the strong, noble men and women of vision who have observed the laws which Thou hast ordained, we give Thee thanks. Thou hast proved them and found them worthy of the calling wherewith they are called. Blessed Lord, a stateman of soldierly courage, our friend and brother, has left us. His pathway was ever weaponed by a sense of right and sweetened by the spirit of genuineness, surpassing the fictions of life, he labored on until the eveningtime. Companioned by the Lord of Heaven, having laid the earth away, he walks forever tearless and deathless with those who rest on the enchanting shores of eternity. The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God; they are in peace.

Oh, be Thou where the willows wave, hiding the gloom through the glorious eclipse whose shadow tells of the light. With that love which encircles all, give comfort and rest to the sorrowing ones. In our dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 131):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. PAT HARRISON,

late a Senator from the State of Mississippi and President pro tempore of the Senate.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed by the Vice President to attend the funeral of the deceased Senator, and that the Vice President be, and he is hereby, designated as a member of the committee.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my sad duty to announce to the House the passing of one of America's most valiant public servants and one of Mississippi's most illustrious sons, Senator BYRON PATTON HARRISON, chairman of the Finance Committee and President pro tempore of the United States Senate, who passed away on yesterday.

Senator HARRISON was born in Crystal Springs, Miss., on August 29, 1881. He was educated in the public schools at Crystal Springs and in the Louisiana State University. In 1905 he was married to Miss Edwina McInnis, of Leakesville, Miss., and three children were born to them, a son and two daughters.

He served as district attorney of his district for 6 years, resigning in 1910 to become a Member of the Sixty-second Congress. He served in this body with distinction for four terms. In 1918 he was elected to the United States Senate, to which position he was reelected in 1924, in 1930, and in 1936.

> A prince once said of a king struck down
> "Taller he seems in death,"
> And the word holds good, for now, as then,
> It is after death that we measure men.

PAT HARRISON will grow in stature as the years pass by and the American people come to realize the great value of his services to his country.

His death is an irreparable loss to the Nation, especially at this time, and one of the greatest blows the people of Mississippi have ever sustained. Able, affable, and efficient, he was imbued with a supreme consciousness of duty to his country, and always placed that duty first in considering public affairs.

He was one of the most popular men who ever served in either House of Congress and one of the most pleasant Members of the United States Senate with whom any State delegation in this House ever had to deal.

To me his death is a keen personal loss, one that words are simply inadequate to express. All I can say is—

Farewell, dear friend, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Whittington].

Mr. WHITTINGTON. Mr. Speaker, in the death of PAT HARRISON the Nation has lost one of her outstanding political leaders and statesmen; Mississippi has lost her most gifted public servant, and I have lost a very dear personal friend.

As a Member of the House of Representatives and as a Member of the Senate, Senator HARRISON played a valiant part in the first World War. He was chairman of the Committee on Finance in the Senate and he was the ranking member of the Foreign Affairs Committee in that body. He has taken a conspicuous part in the passage of all legislation in the present emergency and the second World War.

PAT HARRISON was an unusual boy who became an unusual man. As a lad selling daily newspapers on the streets of the town in which he lived, he attracted the favorable attention of the leading citizens of the community. He possessed a marvelous personality. Friendly and affable as a boy he grew up to be magnetic as a man. He sprang from humble but honorable parentage; he made his own way as a youth and he made his own way as a public servant. He worked his way through the public school and through the university; he

early learned that the best way to have friends was to be a friend. From a humble home he became one of the conspicuous public figures in the era in which he lived.

PAT HARRISON loved the common people; he was loyal to every friend and faithful to every trust; he loved people; he delighted to mix and mingle with his fellow man. He was the best liked and most popular statesman in the State which he delighted to honor and serve.

He possessed a generous nature; he always sympathized with the downtrodden and with the oppressed. He believed in justice to all men whether of high or of low degree. He counted his friends in all walks of life; their name was legion.

PAT HARRISON loved his home; he was devoted to his family. He was never so happy as when around his own fireside. His noble son, who bears his name, and his gifted daughters were his pride and his joy. He had great confidence in the judgment of his beloved wife.

He was a leader. He possessed unusual qualities that fitted him for leadership. He knew human nature; he knew how to give and take; he was able in debate and wise in counsel.

PAT HARRISON was a patriot; he loved his country; he believed in party government. He was a great Democrat but when the good name of the United States abroad was at stake, when the institutions of the Republic were involved, when the foreign relations of the United States were at stake, he put his country above his party. He stood for America first.

He literally grew up in the public service. Shortly after his admission to the bar he was elected district attorney of the judicial district in which he resided. His reputation as a prosecuting attorney attracted the attention of the State. He was elected to the House of Representatives before he turned the age of 30. Although serving but three terms, he became a member of the powerful Rules Committee during the first World War. He went to the Senate from the House. He grew in political wisdom and in political stature. For 30

years he left his impress upon the legislation of the United States. He became one of the elder statesment of the Republic. No man was more influential in the Senate of the United States than he. He was unanimously elected President pro tempore of that body. Presidents, Cabinet members, and Senators sought his advice. He possessed an unerring political judgment. He was trained in the arts and science of government; he was one of the most efficient legislators of his day.

Senator HARRISON lived the good life of his time. He enjoyed the friendship of men in all walks of life. He numbered among his personal friends men in every State of the Union. No man of his day had a wider acquaintance in political circles. He never lost a friend; he was always dependable; his political word was his political bond.

Senator HARRISON was not only well trained for a political career, but he possessed an attribute essential to the success of all statesmen. Gentle and affable, on occasion he could be firm. He possessed political courage to an unusual degree.

He was not perfect; he was human, but he lived the full life of his time. He was stricken at the very zenith of his career and at the full maturity of his powers. At a time of national and international crises in the greatest emergency in the history of the Republic, Senator PAT HARRISON has been gathered unto his fathers. The country can ill afford to lose men of his ability and influence.

A mighty man in the land has fallen.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. DOXEY].

Mr. DOXEY. Mr. Speaker, in the passing of Mississippi's distinguished Senator—PAT HARRISON—the entire Nation has suffered an irreparable loss, and our hearts are sad and heavily laden with grief.

Senator HARRISON, although a native Mississippian, belongs in part to each of the 48 States of these great United States.

He was a stalwart national figure. His life's work and outstanding statesmanship in behalf of this Nation as a whole truly earned for him a place in the hearts and history of our people as an outstanding American statesman.

Men like Senator HARRISON have made this country great, and his efforts will help preserve the cause of democracy.

PAT HARRISON possessed all the qualities that make a great and noble character.

He came up the hard way and pressed on to scale the heights. He knew and loved his fellow man and appreciated always the other fellow's position, whether he was high or low, rich or poor, friend or foe.

Senator HARRISON could give and take, forgive and forget, and be as magnanimous as it was humanly possible to be. He was kind, gentle, affable, frank, keen, brilliant and courageous.

When engaged in debate or in a campaign he asked no quarter nor did he give any. When the smoke of battle cleared away, he emerged big in heart, noble in purpose, steadfast in principle, honored and respected by all.

He was happiest when he was helping others. In fact, his unselfish and untiring service for others no doubt shortened his life.

On the pages of time and the history of the country and State he loved and served so well he has left an imperishable monument of constructive service in all branches of our Government.

Senator HARRISON is more than worthy of all the many honors that have been bestowed upon him, and at some more appropriate time I shall have more to say concerning the life and character of this devoted husband and father, this true friend, this distinguished Mississippian, this great American—BYRON PATTON HARRISON.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. COLMER].

Mr. COLMER. Mr. Speaker, there comes a time in the life of individuals when words alone cannot express one's intense loss. I feel that occasion today.

Mr. Speaker, I join with my colleagues in paying tribute to a great Mississippian and an outstanding American. The tall, stately pine from Mississippi has fallen. The man who was victorious in so many legislative and political engagements has bowed to the inevitable victor—death. The genial, capable, and illustrious PAT HARRISON is dead, but his memory, his achievements, and the impression that he made upon the country will be remembered throughout the years to come. I mourn with you, his colleagues, his family, his fellow Mississippians, and the country, who can ill afford to lose a man of his character at this time.

PAT HARRISON came to Congress from the district which I have the honor to represent when he was scarcely more than a boy, and for 30 eventful years he has been a power in the political and legislative arena of the land. Who can estimate with any degree of accuracy the influence which he wielded and the manner in which he has colored the stream of American civilization? Few men in a country filled with opportunities have accomplished more in the brief but crowded span of 59 years. From a newspaper boy on the streets of a little Mississippi town he rose to the pinnacle of legislative and political achievement. No Mississippian ever received more popular acclaim at the hands of his fellow citizens than did this splendid son. Surely the recorders of the deeds of men will place him among the country's truly great. Mississippians will ever hereafter accord him a place in its hall of fame and rank him along with her Jefferson Davis, her L. Q. C. Lamar, and her other immortal and illustrious sons.

PAT HARRISON, the idol of Mississippians, was beloved and appreciated throughout the country. Never refused political preference at the hands of his fellow Mississippians, who can gainsay that had he lived in another section of the country he would have become the President of the United States.

Nature is a great equalizer of persons. She does not bestow upon any one man all of her virtues. But that she was generous in her attitude toward this great Mississippian is recognized by all. PAT HARRISON was a good man. There was nothing small in his make-up. He was generous to a fault. He was devoted to his friends and considerate of his few political enemies. Unselfishness was one of his outstanding attributes. If each recipient of a good deed at the hands of this good man were but to write a word in his book of memory, it would require volumes to record them.

Mr. Speaker, as one who has been intimately associated with this humble but great man for the past quarter of a century, I join with you, his colleagues in the Congress, and the country, in mourning his passing. A giant of the forest of humanity has fallen. May the great God of us all be merciful and generous of any shortcomings of which he might have been guilty, even as he in his own big, broad-minded way was prone to forgiveness of uncharitable acts at the hands of his fellow man.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Ford].

Mr. FORD of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I stand here today with a sad and heavy heart because of the loss of one of the best friends I ever had anywhere. When I came to Congress a few years ago I looked up Senator HARRISON for advice and guidance. I mourn and share the sorrow that his family and friends everywhere feel today. Mississippi and the entire Nation has lost an outstanding statesman and one that will be hard to replace.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. McGehee].

Mr. MCGEHEE. Mr. Speaker, we are assembled here at this hour paying tribute to one of Mississippi's grandest and noblest sons, whom the Omnipotent One has seen fit to take

from this world of life's activities, which was one of duty, pleasure, sorrow, and care, before what apparently should have been his allotted span of years.

To those of us who were privileged moments and hours of association, companionship, and service with him, because of his untimely death are beginning the more to realize that we know not when our life's pathway shall end.

Senator HARRISON died in the front line of battle; a position in the conflict of life that he has occupied since early manhood, beginning at, you may say, the tender age of some 25 years. At this period offering his whole future and life in the fight and struggle in the army of public service and continuing in the front rank until his untimely passing on yesterday.

When one's life is given in service to the many, it is fitting and proper that we should pause in our arduous labors to pay our respects and affection to them. Not that Senator HARRISON needs our praise, because his exemplary life and the deeds done are embedded in the hearts of the people nationally and are an inspiration to the youth that is coming on. What we may say will be of short memory, but his leadership and unselfish service to his country and humanity will live on forever.

Born under humble circumstances, yet, triumphant over every adversity. Realizing this, he worked faithfully and tirelessly to keep open wide the door for an equal opportunity to all men, to make it possible for a better and more abundant life, nationally, to maintain our national honor, to perpetuate our liberty and free institutions that our forefathers made such sacrifices for. Yet, realizing the change of times, he fought for progressive human betterment.

The beginning of life and its ending is one of mystery. Yet, death is no more mysterious than birth. Life during its existence must bow to the will of the Higher Being, which renders us helpless.

Conscious of all this but yet controlled by life's destiny, we still pause and wonder why, especially at present he was not permitted to remain with us for a short period longer, to continue a rendition of his service in the guidance of this great Nation of ours under the present world-wide chaotic conditions.

We may erect statues of bronze, glittering with letters of gold portraying his wonderful life and service, but time will efface them, but his works and deeds in behalf of his Nation and humanity will live on in the hearts of the generations to come.

PAT, we will miss you, that pleasant companionship, that statesmanship advice, yet, above all that magnetic power and influence, that our great God endowed you with, more so than all others of your attributes. But you have gone to be at home with your Maker, at peace and rest, severed from this world of care, suffering, and toil, to be with and associated with our Redeemer throughout eternity.

Those of us who knew you intimately, as it has been said:

> Statesman, yet a friend of truth. Of soul sincere,
> In action faithful, and in honor clear;
> Who broke no promise, served no private ends.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Collins].

Mr. COLLINS. Mr. Speaker, our friend, Senator PAT HARRISON was my State's outstanding citizen and one of the country's real statesmen. Throughout his 30 years of service in the Congress he has consistently struggled for the uplift of the people, fair treatment for all citizens, better standards of living, enlarged educational advantages, and the fulfillment of democratic ideals.

A consistent party man, but always a fair one, a fighter, but an honorable one, his life has been fruitful, his thinking clear, his purposes noble, his affections enduring. His love for his family was one of the strongest traits of his character. He was a firm believer in the God of his fathers.

If the young men of today will chart their lives along the course he set, America will continue to grow better and greater.

I extend to his widow, Mrs. Harrison, the known affectionate sympathy of the House of Representatives as she travels the lonesome trail. Her grief and that of her children will be great but there is consolation in the knowledge that their beloved one was one of our country's immortals.

Mr. DOUGHTON. Mr. Speaker, at the meeting of the Ways and Means Committee this morning a motion was unanimously adopted that the committee adjourn for 3 days, until Friday morning next, out of respect to the memory of the late Senator HARRISON.

Senator HARRISON and I came to the House simultaneously at the beginning of the Sixty-second Congress. Our relationship has always been of the most cordial nature, and out of it grew a most intimate friendship. Since I have been a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, especially since I have been its chairman, my official duties and those of Senator HARRISON have run parallel to a very great extent.

For the past 10 years we have served together as conferees on many important bills in adjusting differences as between the House and Senate, and also as members of the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation of which he and I alternated as its chairman for the past several years, and of which he was chairman at the time of his death.

In our various services together I was deeply impressed by his extraordinary abilities, his complete mastery of the subjects under consideration, his fidelity to duty at all times, as well as his uniform courtesy to all of those with whom he was associated.

I have never known a man in public life whose concepts of duty were higher than those of Senator HARRISON. You all know his ability as a great statesman, as a great legislator, but I may say that in his personal relations he was always

extremely courteous, he was always considerate, and to me his friendship was one of the most precious things connected with my entire public career.

Many members of our committee this morning expressed a deep regret and feeling of keen personal loss in his death, and I know I express the feeling of each member of our committee when I say we feel that not only has the Congress lost a most valuable Member, but the country a most useful and outstanding statesman.

I hereby express to each member of his family—his widow and children—my deepest, most sincere, and profound sympathy in their great sorrow and bereavement.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Sabath] the dean of the House.

Mr. SABATH. Mr. Speaker, the State of Mississippi has given to the country a great many outstanding and able men. Of all those with whom I have had the honor and privilege of serving in 34 long years, I have never known of anyone who excelled PAT HARRISON in fulfilling his duty to his State and Nation.

I have known Pat from the day he was sworn in. He and many other Members lived only two blocks from here at the Congress Hall Hotel. It was my good fortune to become really well acquainted with him. His main aim when he entered the House was to find how he could best serve his constituency and his country.

Whatever has been said about his attainments and activities does not really portray all his accomplishments. He was a broad and liberal-minded gentleman, always trying to aid the oppressed, the downtrodden, and the persecuted. In his passing the State of Mississippi and the Nation have lost a great patriot, an outstanding statesman, and a great American. I wish all of us could follow in his footsteps to emulate his aims in the interest of our Nation.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Treadway].

Mr. TREADWAY. Mr. Speaker, it always seems to me that at a time like this words offer very little expression. I came to the Congress the term after Senator HARRISON, and he was one of the first men I met when I came here. My connection with him from that day to this has been of intimate friendship. Not only did I serve with him in the House during the remainder of the period he was a Member here before going to the Senate but for many years it has been my fortune to be one of the conferees from the House Committee on Ways and Means meeting with the members of the Senate Committee on Finance in the final preparation of bills to be submitted to Congress. During all that time and in every one of those meetings Senator HARRISON has been the extreme example of courtesy to his fellow man. We have sat in the hot summer days, when it was a tedious task we were called upon to perform, but never did Senator HARRISON fail not only to do his duty to the committee but to exercise his privilege toward his fellow conferees.

Not only have I served officially with the Senator, but it has also been my pleasure to know him socially. This may not be a time to refer to sports, but it has been my privilege to play many a game of golf with the departed Senator. He was always the same genial friend and companion.

The Members from Mississippi have referred to the State of Mississippi losing its most distinguished citizen. I feel that the country has lost one of its outstanding men, a man whose name will go down in history as a great statesman in a period when great men were needed in carrying on government.

I join with the Mississippians, with the Members of the House and Senate, and with the people of this country in expressing my extreme sorrow at the passing of such a distinguished Senator and such a distinguished statesman as our lamented PAT HARRISON.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. CROWTHER].

Mr. CROWTHER. Mr. Speaker, I knew Senator PAT HARRISON for a period of nearly 23 years. He was elected to the Senate the same year I became a Member of the House. During all that time I have had very clear evidence of his marked ability and his gradual rise to the rank of statesman. He possessed one particular characteristic that is essential for a man in public life—courage.

In this congressional life we have a casual floor acquaintance, we have a dining-room acquaintance, or we have a social acquaintance by meeting our colleagues at the festive board on various occasions; but where you really learn to know men in this House, where you really learn to love and respect them, where, incidentally, you find out why they came to Congress and recognize their real ability is during the long, grinding, exacting sessions of committees while you serve as conferees. During the many occasions on which I had the privilege of serving with Senator HARRISON, although we had sharp partisan differences, he was always fair and always courteous as we have found all the gentlemen of the South to be.

I shall forever cherish the memory of his friendship. He was brave to the last. During his recent illness, when he perhaps had a premonition that his race was run, he still bore up with a degree of courage that was manifest. No doubt he had in the closing days of his life occasion to think of the lines of Bryant's famous composition, the last verse of which admonishes us all to—

> So live that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan, which moves
> To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
> Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Tennessee [Mr. Cooper].

Mr. COOPER. Mr. Speaker, I could not fail to embrace this opportunity to raise my voice in brief but very sincere tribute to the life, character, and public service of the late Senator PAT HARRISON, of Mississippi.

Like many of those who have preceded me today it has been my privilege for several years to serve as one of the House conferees on legislation under the jurisdiction of the Committee on Ways and Means and to meet Senator HARRISON with his fellow conferees of the Senate and to participate in the very laborious work of reconciling differences between measures on revenue, finance, social security, and various other subjects as passed by the respective houses. In this association I have had the privilege of knowing him most pleasantly, most cordially and have had an opportunity to form what I consider to be a correct estimate of his outstanding ability, his devotion to duty and his great value as a public servant; a man who possessed the highest attributes of Christian character and all the sterling qualities of manhood, a most accomplished legislator, one of the Nation's outstanding and most distinguished public servants.

I joint with others in expressing a very deep sense of personal loss in his passing and in conveying our deepest sympathy to the members of his family who survive him.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Vermont [Mr. Plumley].

Mr. PLUMLEY. Mr. Speaker, in the death of Senator PAT HARRISON I have, as some of you know, sustained the loss of a close personal friend with whom however, I seldom, if ever, agree with respect to partisan politics, but for whom I had great affection and genuine regard. He was my friend.

We had many things in common. We were members of the same college fraternity and barnstormers at many a fraternity banquet.

As Americans we thought alike with respect to very many things, though the pressure of partisan political strategy may have made it seem we were as far apart as the poles. It was not so. He was always for America first.

PAT HARRISON was one of God's noblemen. So human, yet possessing those sterling qualities that made him what he was, qualified as, and admittedly a statesman, a knight, sans peur et sans reproche. No man can take his place.

I shall miss him beyond the power of any man's vocabulary to properly measure or express my loss, which, multiplied many times, is that of his State and the Nation.

In the death of such men as was he I am reminded again of the inscrutable providence of God, and there comes to my mind that poem of Longfellow wherein he says:

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Louisiana [Mr. Sanders].

Mr. SANDERS. Mr. Speaker, it is difficult for us who knew PAT HARRISON and loved him to realize that his vital, vibrant personality has gone from amongst us, that these Halls which echoed to his eloquence and witnessed his triumphs and defeats will know him no more.

PAT HARRISON was my personal friend. We were both graduates of the Louisiana State University, members of the

same college fraternity there. I knew him before he entered the Halls of Congress, and in common with thousands of his friends I rejoiced in his growing stature as a great American, as a great statesman in this House and in the Senate. His services to his country recognized no State boundaries and knew no sectional lines. In common with the members of his own delegation and in common with thousands of his friends, I would like to add my tribute to this great American. We will miss him, the State of Mississippi will miss him, our Nation will miss him—how much none of us can tell.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Patrick].

Mr. PATRICK. Mr. Speaker, I remember my first introduction to Senator HARRISON, the first time I ever saw him. I was a student at L. S. U.—the Louisiana State University—and saw a little commotion one day out at the campus billboard. A sign had been put up there announcing that PAT HARRISON was to speak to the college the following day, and the boys were all excited about it. I had never seen him. The next day he drove in on the campus and was talking to the boys—I did not get to meet him—and then went to the auditorium and spoke to the boys. His subject I shall never forget, though 25 years and more have passed. He advised those college boys not to ever become demagogic. He said:

> Many of you coming from a class like this will enter politics; do not be demagogues.

Then he explained in simple forthright language what he understood a demagogue to be, and sat down. I never heard a speech like it before. I have never heard one like it since. I wish I might be able to hear again just such a speech, but that speaker went away yesterday.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I yield now to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Fish].

Mr. FISH. Mr. Speaker, I have been very impressed by the eloquent tributes to Mississippi's most distinguished son, Senator PAT HARRISON. He was an outstanding Democrat and a leader of his party; but more than that, he was one of our ablest public servants and a great American. We have lost an experienced and wise statesman in the midst of a crisis such as we have not faced since the birth of the Republic. His advice and leadership will be sorely missed in this national emergency. I am glad to join in paying this brief tribute to one of our greatest American statesmen.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I yield now to the distinguished gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. McCormack].

Mr. MCCORMACK. Mr. Speaker, during the 151 years of our constitutional government, thousands of men, and in recent years women included, have been elected to the Congress of the United States, to the Senate and to the House, representing their States and their congressional districts. All of those of the past, and of today, have served their country with fidelity, but during that period of 151 years a small group stands out in history, as men who served in this body and who served in the Senate of the United States who were intellectual giants, outstanding Americans, occupying a place in the foremost pages of the history of our country. One of those men is the man whose memory we honor today. He was born in Mississippi. By his great services in the Congress of the United States he departs from life as one who occupies a position in the minds and in the hearts of Americans throughout the entire country, a member of that group of great statesmen and intellectual giants of American legislative history. I see PAT HARRISON from that angle, going down in history as one of those intellectual giants whose memory will always occupy a foremost page in the history of the United States.

BYRON PATTON HARRISON

PAT HARRISON'S earthly journey and duties are over but his spirit and his memory, like the memory of those great giants of the past, will always linger in the Halls of the Congress of the United States.

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution, which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows (H. Res. 247):

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. PAT HARRISON, a Senator of the United States from the State of Mississippi.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That a committee of 20 Members be appointed on the part of the House to join the committee appointed on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

The Speaker appointed the following committee to attend the funeral: Messrs. Rankin of Mississippi, Whittington, Doxey, Colmer, Ford of Mississippi, McGehee, Collins, Sabath, Doughton, Treadway, Sumners of Texas, Knutson, Crowther, Reed of New York, Steagall, Bland, Lea, Cullen, Crosser, and Cooper.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the remaining portion of the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

Accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 2 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, June 24, 1941, at 12 o'clock noon.

Tributes

Tributes

Remarks by Senator Pepper

of Florida

Mr. PRESIDENT: I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the Appendix of the Record one of the finest, most eloquent, and lofty tributes ever paid by an eloquent pen to a noble subject—an editorial appearing in the Jackson Daily News, of Jackson, Miss., of Monday June 23, 1941. The title of it is the illustrious name "PAT HARRISON."

There being no objection, the editorial was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

[From the Jackson (Miss.) Daily News of June 23, 1941]

PAT HARRISON

I

"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied, by the muse he loved."

—*Alexander Pope.*

PAT HARRISON is dead.

Mississippi's greatest statesman of his generation is no more.

"Our Pat" has passed into the Great Beyond.

Peerless Pat, prince of gentlemen, patriot of patriots, peer of any party leader, America's most ardent champion of the principles of democracy, best beloved Member of the world's greatest deliberative body, has answered the last roll call.

Mute are the lips from which poured a golden flow of eloquence that charmed millions with its magic.

Silent is the tongue ever ready with a witchery of words that swayed multitudes with masterful logic and perfect reasoning.

Closed forever are those brilliant brown eyes, windows of a brave and dauntless soul, eyes that flashed so much force and

meaning to the words his lips uttered—eyes always unafraid; eyes clear as the heavens; eyes that spoke the truth in the spirit of truth; eyes that could look any human being in the face without flinching; eyes so eloquent of expression that they could flood the hearts of friends with tender love or hurl defiance and bring fear to the minds of those who opposed any righteous cause for which he fought or any high purpose he sought to accomplish.

Cold and still in death are those hands that admiring multitudes clamored eagerly to clasp; hands that were always warm and friendly; hands ever ready to help a friend; hands willing to meet more than halfway any personal or political enemy; hands that labored long hours throughout all the days of his life; hands that were useful, faithful, energetic, ever seeking some worthy thing to do; hands that never felt the touch of a dirty dollar; hands that never performed a dishonest act; hands that he kept clean and stainless when always about their owner was ample opportunity to fill them with ill-gotten gains.

Forever stilled is that most priceless of all human possessions, a marvelous mind richly stored with useful knowledge; a brain that functioned with perfect precision, trained to quick and accurate thinking when in action; a brain of such limitless resources that admiring friends were often amazed and opponents confused and confounded by its versatility; a brain that won renown because its possessor never stooped to cheap demagogy, tawdry claptrap, or lurid sensationalism in order to attract attention; a brain that always thought and acted with courageous independence and of such superior strength that men instinctively recognized him as a leader worth following; a brain too sincere to be prostituted to any sort of servility that was repugnant to his own rugged honesty or integrity of purpose.

II

PAT HARRISON is dead.

In a few short hours that beloved face and towering form so familiar in every nook and corner of the Nation will be lost to the sight of man forever.

"Our Pat" has gone the way of all flesh.

The frets and worries, perplexing problems and mighty questions of a world in turmoil concern him no more.

For him all the tumult and the shouting, all the strife and the contending, all the bitter battling and strenuous struggling among men of many minds is finished forever.

"Our Pat" has fallen in the midst of action.

Peerless Pat, whose white plume like that of Henry of Navarre was always proudly flaunted in front-line fighting, no longer leads in battle.

Princely Pat, who always fought with a gallant smile on his face and a rose on his rapier, who was never happier than when urging the forces of democracy to go onward, ever onward, to glorious triumph, will henceforth live only in the saddened memories of those who loved him.

PAT HARRISON has gone to join the immortals.

III

The American people are mourning the loss of a great leader. From millions of lips words of deep regret are falling.

Mississippi, the State that gave PAT HARRISON to the Nation, has sustained a loss that is nothing short of a calamity.

Hearts are too heavy, souls are too sorrowful, eyes are too blinded with tears, to adequately appraise or fully realize the enormity of the loss.

Multiplied thousands of friends who loved Our Pat with warmth and adoration that beggars description are stunned beyond speech. Lips struggle in vain for fitting words to express the feeling of anguished hearts. Souls are plunged in deep and fathomless sorrow. Many can hardly believe. None can understand. When clouds of sorrow press so closely eyes cannot penetrate the pall of darkness, minds are numb, lips made voiceless. Under the weight of such a crushing grief even the poor boon of fast-falling tears that could give some relief to pent-up emotions of anguished souls will not come. It is agony akin to what the Son of Man must have suffered on that memorable night in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Our Pat dead? Have we forever lost his merry smile, his friendly hand, and the precious heritage of his loving companionship?

It must be true, as they say, but it is so hard to believe.

IV

PAT HARRISON died too soon.

He was too young to go—not yet 60.

He was too valuable for such early leaving.

He was at the zenith of his usefulness as a public servant who for more than 30 years had been true to every trust. The work he fondly hoped to perform before the finish of his career would have been an asset of inestimable value.

He was still growing in power and usefulness as a Member of the Nation's lawmaking body and as a leader of the party he so passionately loved and to the principles of which he was ever faithful.

He was easily the most outstanding Member of the United States Senate. Few equaled him in ability and influence. None surpassed him in either respect. None held higher favor or a larger measure of respect and confidence.

The Senate, long proclaimed as the world's greatest deliberative body, has 96 Members. Each Member has a vote. That's about all some of them have that is worth while. In reality the important work of the Senate is planned and put on the statute books by a group of not exceeding 10 Members. PAT HARRISON was foremost among the 10. Many men of astute and discriminating minds regarded him as the ablest of the 10. It is certain that none ranked above him in intellectual force, weight of influence, ripeness of judgment, sagacity of mind, astuteness of vision, or genius of generalship.

V

On a snowy afternoon in January 1917, this writer sat chatting with John Sharp Williams, peerless statesman of that era, in his Senate office. It was a friendly visit with a man whose friendship was above price, something always to be held in hallowed memory.

The Nation then, as it is today, was slowly drifting into war with Germany. On the previous afternoon PAT HARRISON, then a Member of the House, had made a speech that stirred Congress as it had not been stirred for years. It was a speech filled with patriotic fire and fervor and echoed to every nook and corner of the Nation. It was splashed all over the first pages of newspapers because it expressed the righteous indignation of the American people over the continued sinking of American vessels by German submarines and ruthless invasion of American rights by a barbaric army whose leader had a mad dream of world conquest.

PAT HARRISON was not then the Democratic majority leader in the House. He never attained that honor, but he was well on his way to win it. Two years later he was sent to the Senate. However, he was then one of the real leaders of the House, and often the spokesman of President Woodrow Wilson in the body. Whenever he took the floor on any subject of major importance, especially the conflict raging in Europe, many interpreted what he said as having the approval of the matchless statesman who was struggling so valiantly and yet so vainly to keep the United States out of war.

The subject of conversation on that snowy afternoon in Washington was the World War and the desperate plight of the Allied armies. It naturally turned to PAT HARRISON'S stirring speech. The writer asked:

"Senator, what is your candid estimate of PAT HARRISON? Does he possess real ability, or is he merely another clever showman on the floor of the House? Will he go higher in public life?"

The Sage of Cedar Grove Farm, whose eloquent voice also expressed the views of President Wilson when he took the Senate floor, sat silent and thoughtful for a few moments. His eyes gazed out of the window at the fast-falling snow. Then he spoke, slowly and deliberately, these never-forgotten words: "Fred, I believe PAT is going much higher in public life. He should. He has many good and enduring qualities to carry him onward and upward. He is frank, sincere, honest, and courageous. He has a pleasing personality, is an attractive and convincing speaker, and the attention he is attracting over there in the House is not all showmanship. But, most important of all things, PAT has something few youngsters in Congress possess. He has intellectual humility. He is mentally modest. Although still young, he has sense enough to know there are a lot of things he does not know that he should know, if he is to render real service as a public servant, and he is eager to learn those things in order to be better equipped. His mind is agile and he will learn in much less time than it would take the average or mill-run Member of Congress to do so."

Senator Williams relighted his dead cigar, took a few whiffs, and added:

"Yes, Fred; PAT HARRISON is going a long way in public life. I hope you and your generation in Mississippi will go along with him and help him whenever you can."

VI

It was into the outstretched hands of PAT HARRISON that Senator John Sharp Williams flung his flaming torch of democracy when he quit the Senate and bade him hold that torch high and carry it forward—the torch fallen from faithful hands now cold in death after long and stirring years of valiant fighting.

It was to PAT HARRISON that John Sharp Williams looked to be his own successor in championing the principles of democracy he had learned by close study of the teachings of Thomas Jefferson, and his implicit faith in those teachings.

It was careful tutoring by John Sharp Williams for a period of several years after PAT HARRISON reached the Senate that contributed much to his success in later years and made his star shine so brilliantly in the political firmament. It was the faith of John Sharp Williams in his junior colleague, whom he loved like one of his own sons, his friendly advice and kindly admonitions that

helped PAT to so quickly win recognition in the Senate, a service and friendship for which PAT never lost an opportunity to express his gratitude. There never lived a man more keenly grateful or deeply appreciative of any favor than PAT HARRISON.

The first act of Senator HARRISON after his senior colleague voluntarily retired from the Senate and returned to his beloved Cedar Grove farm was to request the privilege of changing his seat to that formerly occupied by Senator Williams—the same seat in which Jefferson Davis sat and which still bears the scar of a bayonet thrust by a Federal soldier because of his bitter hatred of the chieftain of the Southern Confederacy; the same seat occupied in later years by those other immortals who brought honor, praise, and glory to Mississippi—Lamar, George, Walthall, and Money; the same seat soon to be occupied by we know not whom, but at the moment it does not seem likely that the toga of Davis, Lamar, George, Walthall, Money, Williams, and Harrison will fall on the shoulders of one worthy to wear it.

VII

Many were the victories won and notable achievements scored by PAT HARRISON during his long memorable career as a public servant and party leader. Only a carefully prepared biography of many printed pages will suffice to recount them all. That is for future writing.

But let this be said now, because it is a fact of history:

PAT HARRISON, more than any other one man, was responsible for the Democratic victory in 1932 that placed Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House. For that our President should ever be grateful, although he signally failed, when opportunity offered, to show some measure of gratitude by helping to make HARRISON majority leader of the Senate after the death of Joe Robinson. The President opposed Senator HARRISON and favored Senator Barkley because the former had dared to differ with him on some New Deal measures, notably the Supreme Court packing and certain financial legislation. HARRISON lost the leadership by 1 vote, and that vote was cast by his colleague, Senator Theodore G. Bilbo, whom he had befriended in many ways both before and after the latter's election to the Senate. That chapter in political history is recent, still rather fresh in the public mind, and need not be repeated here.

Reverting to the important part played by PAT HARRISON in putting Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House, never in all history did the Democratic Party suffer such a crushing and humiliating defeat as it did in the Presidential campaign of 1928, when Al E. Smith, misnamed the Happy Warrior when Roosevelt placed him

in nomination, was the party's standard bearer. So crushing was the defeat of Smith that it all but destroyed the Democratic Party. All of its leaders were in the depths of despair and its members in the slough of despondency. Party organization was torn to tatters, the treasury was empty, and a huge deficit to be met, with many creditors clamoring for their pay.

The air was filled with gobs of gloom. Nobody seemed willing to try to gather up the shattered fragments and form even a makeshift organization to carry on. The banner of democracy was trailing in the dust. There didn't seem to be enough left of the party to furnish a corpse for a decent political funeral.

It was then that PAT HARRISON, gallant, courageous, optimistic, his heart still filled with love for the party in whose principles he had implicit faith, showed his valiant spirit. Like Leonidas of old at the Pass of Thermopylae, he hurled himself into the breach, issued a clarion call to party service, rallied the shattered forces, revived the courage of leaders in all parts of the Nation, and within a few months he had a militant organization launched to keep an incessant battle going on. He planned a program of preparation for the next Presidential contest and the valor and persistency of his campaign enthused Democrats throughout the Nation.

Many long hours during the nights, and often until far into the morning, did PAT HARRISON give to putting new faith and courage into the Democratic Party. It was a Herculean task that would have broken the spirit and wrecked the health of any ordinary man. How he accomplished so much is still one of the marvels of political history.

Aside from his role as gallant crusader for a cause that seemed hopeless, PAT HARRISON carried his battle right into the camp of the Republican Party. Rarely a day passed that he was not on the floor of the Senate for a few brief but dramatic and colorful minutes teasing, taunting, ridiculing, and mercilessly exposing the hypocrisy of the Republicans and their impotent handling of the major problems of government. He staged an incessant fight that won for him the title "Gadfly of the Senate." He was soon recognized as the best rough-and-tumble debater in the body and a past master of political strategy. Republican leaders feared him and few dared to cross swords with him in verbal battle or even make replies when he finished, yet, in spite of the constant merciless flaying, those same Republican leaders admired and respected him. Throughout all the years of his battling, PAT HARRISON always fought fairly. No truthful opponent ever accused him of taking unfair advantage or hitting below the belt. Foemen whom he vanquished were permitted to retire from the field with "the

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honors of war," and many of them became his ardent personal friends. He was deservedly popular on both sides of the Chamber.

While PAT HARRISON was rallying the rank and file of Democracy and putting courage in the party blood stream, forces were quietly at work to make Franklin D. Roosevelt the standard bearer in the 1932 Presidential campaign, and the man who smashed all precedent by winning three terms of office became the beneficiary of the hard work performed by the senior Senator from Mississippi, who was an early and ardent champion of his candidacy.

VIII

The best test of any man who goes to Washington to take part in making the Nation's laws is the measure of his worth made by writers in House and Senate press galleries who cover the proceedings of Congress.

It is a critical ordeal, a veritable test with fire and acid. Press correspondents in Washington are the flower of the profession. They are argus-eyed and keen-minded. While a majority of them are fair and impartial, keeping personal and political prejudices in the background, they are at the same time hard-boiled. They have no delusions and cherish few illusions concerning public men or measures. Because of close study and constant contact they so often find that men who are idols in the public mind have feet of clay. They do not bear the test of close approach.

PAT HARRISON was an exception. From the beginning of his career he successfully stood the the critical test of close approach. Among newspapermen he was easily the most popular Member of either House or Senate. Without making studied effort to win the favor of writers whose praise or censure means so much to the Nation's lawmakers, he quickly became one of their favorites. Without regard to the political alliances of the papers they represented, Washington writers were uniformly fair and generous when PAT HARRISON was their subject. Many of them were delighted when opportunity offered to accord him liberal praise. With each passing year he grew in their favor and they placed increasing estimates on his worth. They found him the possessor of enduring qualities. As one writer phrased it, "Pat is a fellow who wears well. There is nothing shallow or superficial about him. He is real all the way through."

PAT HARRISON was keenly appreciative of this friendship and approval. Always he played fair with members of the press and his frankness added much to their appreciation of the man. He never parried questions or gave evasive answers. He had a keen sense of news values and frequently called in members of the press

to give them tips on important stories that they might have otherwise missed. Newsgatherers always found a welcome in his office and often among his callers were editors, columnists, commentators, and feature writers seeking his point of view on perplexing problems and controversial subjects—topics requiring thorough study and keen analysis. Always they found his vigorous mind ready with an illuminating thought, helpful interpretation, or friendly suggestion.

Partisan writers never made PAT HARRISON a target for slashing criticism. They may have differed with him on matters of moment, but they credited him with sincerity of thought and integrity of purpose, even during those colorful days when the Senate gadfly was a veritable tornado in action, hurling heavy thunderbolts into the ranks of the opposition. His jaunty manner, complete mastery of a situation, and colorful speech elicted their frank admiration, especially when his sharpest barbs of ridicule and slashing sarcasm were quickly followed with a soothing salve of irresistible humor. When he inflicted a political wound, Pat immediately followed it up with some sort of first aid to the injured. It was one of the happy habits that helped to make him so lovable.

Whenever word went forth that PAT HARRISON was getting ready to unlimber his verbal artillery on the Senate floor it was always a story. The lone sentinel who sits in the Senate gallery relayed the news to the lounge room and the gallery quickly filled with eager listeners. A rapid racing of pencils across paper kept messenger boys running up the marble steps with hot copy for pressroom telegraphers.

Today those clear-minded, quick-witted, argus-eyed members of the newspaper profession who kept close tab on the work of Mississippi's beloved stateman and gave him high rating among the Nation's foremost public servants are writing their estimates of the man and summarizing the important part he played in the Halls of Congress for three decades. All they write will be kindly. Nothing truthful of a derogatory nature can be said concerning him. PAT HARRISON was their friend. He won and held their friendship because of his worthiness.

IX

In the earlier years of his Senate career PAT HARRISON left the impression on some minds that he was a genial, happy-minded, high-hearted, carefree sort of person who did not take himself too seriously nor did he expect others to do so; that the senatorial toga rested lightly on his shoulders and he too often spoke with his tongue in his cheek when assailing the Republicans. His impish smile and eyes twinkling with merriment when in the midst of

spirited debate helped to strengthen an impression that the brilliant Mississippian was more of a clever showman than a serious-minded statesman; that his constant taunting and teasing of the opposition leaders was only boyish mischievousness, an irrepressible manifestation of a fun-loving spirit. While admiring his quick wit, ready tongue, mastery of debate, lovable manners, attractive personality, and genius as a political strategist, some wagged their heads and said he would never grow up and measure to a full stature of statesmanship.

In that they were mistaken. PAT HARRISON was growing all the time. Always he was diligent and industrious, early to bed and early to rise, devoting many hours to careful study of governmental affairs. Nature endowed him with a splendid physique and prodigious energy. No matter how heavy the demands on his time or strenuous his labors in behalf of the party organization, he never neglected the ever-increasing duties of his office. For many years he was famous in Washington as an early riser who frequently reached his office before the janitor had finished his labors, completing a full day of work before 11 o'clock, usual hour for assembly of the Senate.

In later years heavier burdens and greater responsibility was thrust on the sturdy shoulders of PAT HARRISON. The chairmanship of the Senate Finance Committee, one of the highest honors that can be conferred on a Member of the body, became his at a time when the Nation was in a vortex of social and economic revolution. The financial foundation of the Government was being seriously shaken. The old order was giving way to the new. It brought many upheavals and breath-taking changes.

Shouldered with a duty that virtually placed him in control of the purse strings of the Federal Treasury, PAT HARRISON became more sedate of manner, more serious of speech, more thoughtful of purpose. To the inner circle of devoted friends he was still "Our Pat," a hail fellow well met, a delightful companion gladly welcomed in the choicest company. But outwardly a steady change was being wrought. The gadfly of the Senate whose flashing wit had so often rocked the Chamber with merriment, and whose masterly eloquence evoked both admiration and envy, was being chained to the treadmill. Many predecessors had broken under the mental strain and physical stress of that chairmanship. Having served on the committee since the beginning of his Senate career, none knew better than PAT HARRISON the nerve-racking and back-breaking work connected with the high honor he had won.

X

Then came the crash of the depression and the entry of the New Deal with its many startling changes in our system of government and way of life. The ordinary duties of a Senator became heavier, demands on his time more insistent, appeals for his influence more imperative. For several years there was rarely an hour, night or day, that a Senator or Congressman could call his own. Importunate job hunters were unceasing in their demands. PAT HARRISON'S office suite took on the appearance of the waiting room in a labor agency. Hundreds of Mississippians journeyed to Washington each week seeking places in the various New Deal alphabetical agencies. Many arrived with not enough money to pay for a night's lodging. All claimed they were Senator HARRISON'S warm friends and ardent political supporters and needed his aid. And "Our Pat" always friendly, ever eager to lend a helping hand, tried to see them all and find places for them in some branch of the Government that was being so thoroughly revolutionized by the New Deal.

Far beyond Mississippi's rightful share, if measured on a population basis, PAT HARRISON found places for his friends. For a while it looked like he was trying to move half the population of Mississippi into Washington. Today there are thousands of native sons and daughters of the Magnolia State holding good positions, many of them important positions, at the National Capital. A goodly number were disappointed, of course, for they lacked the ability to fit in any available place, and often PAT HARRISON, who never knew how to refuse any man who claimed to be his friend, dug down into his slender and ever-dwindling purse to buy railroad tickets to carry the unavailables back home.

That the heavy burden and ever-increasing responsibility of the Senatorship, together with the constant clamor of office seekers, and the watchful eye and unceasing effort needed to get Mississippi's full share of the golden stream of New Deal money flowing out of the Treasury for many purposes contributed much to Senator HARRISON'S physical breakdown and brought his useful life to a premature end can hardly be doubted. The same causes hastened the deaths of at least six other Senators in recent years. The usefulness of many others has been impaired and their careers shortened for similar reasons. They all crack under the strain of a too-strenuous life.

XI

Any man who sits in the Senate today and seeks to faithfully and unselfishly serve his State, as did PAT HARRISON for so many years deserves sympathy rather than envy. Clamorous demands of

constituents are ever-increasing. Appeals of those who seek to gain their selfish purposes are never-ending. Inevitably they sap the strength and impair the usefulness of our public servants.

Job hunters helped to put PAT HARRISON in an early grave. For fully 10 years they rarely allowed him an hour he could call his own. So unceasing were their demands that he neglected his own physical welfare. Even when warned by physicians and cautioned by friends, he was not permitted to slow down and get the mental and physical rest he so sadly needed. The closing years of PAT HARRISON'S precious life were close akin to martyrdom.

Sordid, selfish, senseless, and so needlessly cruel are some of the ways of the world. We burn our Jeanne d'Arcs at the stake and our grandchildren elevate them to sainthood. We stone to death our prophets and coming generations hold their memory a sacred and hallowed thing. We place on the shoulders of our most capable men in all the higher callings of life burdens too heavy to bear, and centuries hence persons who read their biographies will marvel at their lofty character, magnificent minds, and splendid work they achieved.

Just as we of this generation reverently speak the names of Davis, Lamar, George, Walthall, Money, and Williams, so will generations yet unborn read the life story of PAT HARRISON, whose own efforts carried him from a barefooted newsboy on the streets of Crystal Springs to the Presiding Officer's chair in the United States Senate, and they may shake their heads sadly and regret that their own day and time has not yet produced his equal.

Generations yet to come will have their great men and inspiring leaders, but none will furnish a public servant more faithful than was PAT HARRISON or who will keep the altar fires more brightly burning in the temples of democracy.

XII

Frankness and simplicity were PAT HARRISON'S outstanding characteristics. He lived moderately and without any form of ostentation. His wants were few and easily gratified. The glitter, gaiety, and glamor of social life in Washington touched him not at all. He rarely appeared at social functions and when he did it was usually in homes of intimate friends. Often when official duties required him to attend large receptions and formal functions he went with reluctance and always departed early. Although long a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs he politely ignored the diplomatic set in Washington. He would have been warmly welcomed to its social circles where intrigue and polite lying is a fine art, but he did not care for that sort of

company and declined invitations that others so dearly coveted. Only on two occasions did his towering form pass through doors of swanky foreign embassies. If diplomats wanted to see him, they had to seek his company. He counted the companionship of his chosen cronies and trusted friends more precious than all the pomp and ceremony that embellishes life in America's most cosmopolitan city. Those who had the inner intimacy of his friendship cherished it as a priceless privilege and will never cease to mourn its loss. To them his untimely end is a major tragedy.

Although he was an outstanding Senator and had a commanding figure that attracted instant attention anywhere, PAT HARRISON never dressed the part. His attire was negligent almost to the point of carelessness. In formal morning garb or full evening dress that some occasions required, he was alway ill at ease. When he needed a haircut somebody had to tell him about it. His first frock coat was worn when he delivered the keynote speech at the famous Democratic National Convention in Madison Square Garden, one of the most masterly and eloquent addresses of his long career. He lost no time getting back to his hotel and getting rid of that raiment after finishing the speech. It is doubtful if he ever gave more than a passing glance at a haberdasher's window and he never learned how to properly knot a four-in-hand tie. A tall silk hat added inches to his height, a bit to his dignity, but to him the wearing thereof meant only a headache.

PAT HARRISON had a marvelous capacity for making and holding friends. He loved to meet and mingle with people. The roars of applause that punctuated his speeches fell lightly on his ears, but when the speech ended he was eager to get off the platform and go on a handshaking tour of the crowd. His handclasp had the warmth and firmness of sincerity. His active and retentive mind gave him a remarkable memory for names and faces. Even when worn and weary after a long day of labor, hoarse with the effort of outdoor speaking, he was always genial, affable, approachable, ready to lend a listening and sympathetic ear to the humblest constituent who had a trouble story to tell.

He was "Pat" to everybody. Very few addressed him as "Senator." He was just "Pat," willing to let it go at that, and always glad to be greeted that way. Stilted manner or formal attitude was impossible in his presence. He was completely and typically a plain American citizen. He wore the honors showered upon him as simply and unconsciously as he wore his old slouch hat. The plaudits his genius won made him both grateful and humble. Fulsome flattery never turned his head or altered

his high sense of duty. He walked the paths of the mighty yet never lost the common touch.

Inherent honesty, scrupulous regard for personal obligations, and sincerity in every promise were outstanding traits of PAT HARRISON. He had felt the pinch of poverty in the days of his youth, yet he never yearned for wealth. He was not a money maker and when his gentle soul slipped into the Great Beyond he was perhaps as poor in worldly goods as the day when he entered Congress. He could have grown rich beyond the dreams of avarice by prostituting his power and prestige, but he scorned the devious ways and shady methods by which some public men fatten their purses. Pat died compartively poor because he preferred a good name to great riches. The temptations that led other men to barter their souls for worldly gain passed him by. During his several campaigns he never importuned his friends for contributions or flooded the State with begging letters. Those who volunteered financial aid or in any way gave a helping had well knew that no obligation could be implied thereby. Two of his campaigns were costly and almost impoverished PAT HARRISON, but he never stooped to peddling patronage for any form of political or financial support.

XIII

Early in his career PAT HARRISON learned that nearly all worthwhile legislation is the result of compromise between contending forces; that few laws are enacted as originally written, and measures for the public welfare are strengthened rather than weakened by amendment. While he never compromised a principle or sacrificed a worthy cause for political expediency, the youthful Senator soon became an adept at strategy. When piloting a party measure through the tortuous channels of debate, he used gentle persuasion rather than the thunder of violent controversy. Beneath his frank and disarming manner he had a fox-like cunning. No Member of the Senate excelled him in gaining points across a joint conference committee table when House and Senate disagreed on pending measures. He was a trader par excellence.

During the long rule of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover regime, PAT HARRISON was the most important keyman in the Senate. All Republican Members personally liked him, even when he made them frantic with teasing. There were many occasions when G. O. P. leaders lacked numerical strength needed to put through party measures, and they invariably picked PAT HARRISON as their go-between when they were willing to amend measures in order to get Democratic support.

When the familiar figure of the lanky Mississippian was seen on the Republican side of the Chamber engaged in whispered conversation with opposition leaders, it always meant something. Once when a colleague watched him sauntering over to the Republican side, he merrily chuckled:

"There goes Pat to do some consorting and consulting with the enemy. When he comes back he will have a pocketful of their eyeballs."

Often in high political circles PAT HARRISON'S name was seriously mentioned in connection with the Presidency or Vice Presidency. To all such suggestions he quickly expressed dissent. He well knew the impassible barrier between the Presidency and any party leader from the deep South. The heart-breaking experience of his colleague, Senator Oscar Underwood, taught him that. But in recent months many serious-minded men had been thinking of PAT HARRISON as the most eligible and capable man to offer for the Democratic nomination in 1943.

At the beginning of the current administration PAT HARRISON was honored with the high office of President pro tempore of the Senate. It came to him without seeking and as a gracious gift of love and appreciation from his colleagues. No other name was proposed and no dissenting vote was cast. All Republican Members gave glad approval to the choice and proclaimed it as an honor worthily bestowed.

On only a few occasions since January did PAT HARRISON appear in the Presiding Officer's chair. His duties as head of the Finance Committee kept him away from the Senate floor and his mind was busy with intricate details of framing the new revenue measure to finance the preparedness program when he was stricken with the illness that caused his death.

XIV

He's gone now.

"Our Pat" is no more.

He slipped quietly through the shadows into the land of nevermore.

Nothing herein written, naught in the millions of words penned by others, none of the beautiful eulogies and tender tributes spoken by men whose tongues will falter because their hearts are breaking, can add one leaf to his laurel wreath, one star to his crown of glory, or one inch to his lofty eminence.

"Our Pat" is now a part of history.

His familiar voice that swayed millions with its golden eloquence and gave words the magic of mellow music is forever silent.

The frail and broken bark that carrier a tired and toil-worn soul has been wafted gently to a distant and unknown shore, the borders of which we call eternity.

Bands of crepe enfold the Senate desk at which he sat and played well his appointed part in directing the destiny of a great Nation. Capitol guides in coming years will direct the attention of long lines of visitors to that desk and chair and reverently say: "That's where PAT HARRISON used to sit."

The face and form that was more familiar to multitudes in Washington than on the streets of the little town that gave him birth will be seen no more, but PAT HARRISON will not be forgotten in the city where it is so easy to forget famous men who have played their parts and made their exits. Tender memories of the man will linger long and lovingly. In Washington today, despite the swift changes of scenery and ever-recurrent shift of stage settings, one hears many loving reminiscences of John Sharp Williams and they will be saying similar things about PAT HARRISON into whose strong and eager hands the Sage of Cedar Grove tossed the flaming torch of democracy and bade him carry it well.

Biographers will strive to tell the story of the ambitious youth who paid his way through the university of his home State by pitching baseball and later pitched his way to the heights of fame because he had the heart of a warrior, the soul of a crusader, and the rare gift of winning men with pleasing personality, power of persuasion, lofty character, and sincerity of purpose. May a gracious God grant them the inspiration to properly tell a dramatic story that deserves to rank as an epic in American history. It will be a colorful story of the career of a great man of boundless sympathy and undaunted courage, a never-failing champion of the people's rights, a flaming evangelist of imperishable party principles, an ever-ready defender of freedom and liberty, a public servant who counted no sacrifice too great when made in behalf of a just cause or worthy purpose, a man who won the love and admiration of an entire nation because its people had faith in his sterling integrity, stainless honor, and honesty of purpose.

Many men of exalted minds who consecrated their talents to unselfish public service have made their entrances and their exits in that historic Chamber where there is a vacant seat today, but none ever gave to that service greater personal powers, higher statesmanship, larger sacrifices, or more boundless love for those whom he served than the man whose body, broken on the wheel of duty, will soon be returned to the soil from which he came.

The last rites will be simple, as well befits a man who lived simply despite the fame he won. Perhaps at the graveside somebody will softly and tenderly sing, Abide With Me, a hymn he loved so well. "Life's morning breaks and earth's vain glories flee," will be a fitting requiem for PAT HARRISON.

Fast-falling tears will blind the eyes of devoted friends when their trembling hands lower the casket. The voice of a servant of God will gently murmur, "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and all that is mortal of a faithful servant of the people will be lost to the sight of men forever. Then when the mourners slowly and sorrowfully move away from the grave they can say:

"He rests. The world weight of the years is past.
No stress of war or pain can tire him now.
The old-time calm of thoughtful poise
At last is on his brow.

"And that is good to know, for else this hour
Of death is swept in living deeds away.
There stands till doom in death-defying power
The glory of his yesterday."

—*Frederick Sullens.*

Remarks by Senator Thomas

Of Utah

Mr. PRESIDENT: As all Senators know, the late Senator PAT HARRISON, of Mississippi, was the coauthor and was for a number of years the chief sponsor of the Federal-aid-to-education bill, a bill to equalize educational opportunities throughout the country.

On July 3, 1941, at Boston, the Representative Assembly of the National Education Association of the United States convened. At that assembly a resolution was offered honoring the memory of the late Senator HARRISON. I ask unanimous consent that the resolution be printed in the Record at this point as a part of my remarks.

There being no objection, the resolution was ordered to lie on the table and to be printed in the Record, as follows:

TRIBUTE BY THE NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

The National Education Association regrets the untimely death of Senator PAT HARRISON, of Mississippi, a splendid American and a true friend of education. The loss of his leadership in sponsoring legislation looking to equalizing educational opportunity is a severe blow to the schools of the United States.

Remarks by Senator Bilbo

Of Mississippi

Mr. PRESIDENT: I present a resolution adopted by the American Sugar Cane League, New Orleans, La., paying tribute to the late Senator HARRISON, of Mississippi, and expressing condolences on his death.

The resolution was ordered to lie on the table and to be printed in the Record, as follows:

TRIBUTE BY THE AMERICAN SUGAR CANE LEAGUE

Whereas the community for which the American Sugar Cane League is spokesman feels sorrow and distress because of the death of Senator PAT HARRISON of Mississippi, and

Whereas the passing of a close neighbor so distinguished as Senator HARRISON, who for 30 years maintained, in the highest legislative chamber of the United States, a reputation for ability and for honesty of purpose surpassed by none, deserves from us a public expression of our sense of loss, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the American Sugar Cane League now voices to all who were Senator HARRISON'S colleagues in the Congress of the United States, to all the citizens of the State of Mississippi which he so ably and faithfully represented, and to the public of the United States at large, the respect which the members of our organization feel for the distinguished dead. We recognize his unfailing courage, his keen and active mind, his conscientiousness, his loyalty to his constituents, whose welfare was ever uppermost in his thoughts, and his consideration, to whatever extent he felt he could consistently exercise it, of the need and aspirations of the residents of other States, and be it further

Resolved, That we now gratefully acknowledge the aid and assistance given by Senator HARRISON on many occasions to projects and undertakings in Louisiana involving various aspects of rural advancement to which, as a graduate of Louisiana State University, he was in a position to give comprehensive sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That to the bereaved family of Senator HARRISON, we offer our condolences and our deepest sympathy and the Secretary of the American Sugar Cane League is hereby directed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of Senator HARRISON, to the Members of the Mississippi delegation in Senate and House of Representatives at Washington and to the President and Vice President of the United States.

Mr. BILBO. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to insert in the Appendix of the Record a poem written by Horace C. Carlisle on the late Senator HARRISON, of Mississippi.

There being no objection, the poem was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

PAT HARRISON

Pat Harrison, Senator-statesman, is dead—
A recognized leader in Congress for years—
He's meeting with friends that have gone on ahead,
Where there are no vexatious problems nor fears—
He fought a good fight for the truth and the right—
His was a life full of exemplary deeds—
He's gone to the land of unending delight,
Where there are no sorrows, no worries, no needs.

Pat Harrison was a true friend to his own—
He loved Mississippi with all his big heart—
In all his vast dealings he never was known
From principles based upon right to depart—
His own conscience was his infallible guide,
Whose voice he religiously ever obeyed—
In State and in Nation he took growing pride,
And walked among men, unfeared, unafraid.

Pat Harrison will in the Senate be missed—
Here his high esteem as a statesman was won;
For here he stood ready always to resist
Whatever was mentioned that should not be done—
He loved to agree with his Nation's great Chief,
But firmly opposed what he thought was unwise—
Aweary with labor, he longed for relief,
And God, in His mercy, closed gently his eyes.

—*Horace C. Carlisle.*

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